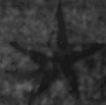


THE
CABINET OF GENIUS
containing
FRONTISPIECES and CHARACTERS

adapted to
the most POPULAR POEMS, &c.
with the Poems &c. at large.



LONDON,

Printed for C. Taylor, in New Castle Street, Holborn.

1774



THIS work, in its first publication in Monthly Numbers, had the good fortune to be singularly well received by the PUBLIC at large; indeed, far beyond the previous expectation of any one of the parties concerned in it. This was demonstrated by the sale of MANY THOUSAND impressions, and the long continued patronage and support of the most competent judges of merit: nor has this patronage been superseded since the cessation of its monthly publication, but a continual increase of fresh patrons has confirmed former approbation.

Being three years and a half in publication at first, and two years being elapsed since that publication ceased, some of the plates may naturally be expected to require revision. In this Edition, therefore, every advantage is taken that care and attention can procure: some trifling plates are withdrawn, and the most interesting only retained; some subjects are entirely RE-ENGRAVED, at a very considerable expence and labour; others are very greatly improved; and the whole is now arranged in a more convenient and compendious order. It may fairly be presumed, therefore, that THIS EDITION is, at least, as well worthy public attention as ever the work has been from the very first: and as it is notorious that prime impressions off some of the early plate have borne a premium of ten times their first cost, these being now NEW Plates, the Public will have an opportunity of acquiring equally excellent prints of the same subjects on the most moderate terms. Also, in order to gratify the general wish to avoid delay, the work will now be published Weekly; and being comprised in fifty Numbers, will be completed with the course of the present year.

Of the proposed fifty Numbers, *thirty plates* being SINGLE SUBJECTS from their respective Poems, will be published singly: but where the same Poem has yielded two plates, to separate such plates is evidently improper, and generally impracticable, without dividing the poem also, to its material injury: the latter *twenty* Numbers, therefore, will contain DOUBLE SUBJECTS, and thus maintain that uniformity and propriety, which cannot fail of being acceptable to the public, to whose candour this Edition is now committed.

LIST

Of the proposed Order of the Subjects in
the Weekly Edition in Fifty Numbers
of the Cabinet of Genius.

The following Numbers being single Plates,
Price Sixpence each.

- | | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 The Bard | 12 The Miser | 22 Flavia |
| 2 Eloisa | 13 The Lady and Wasp | 23 The Garland |
| 3 Abelard | 14 The Dove | 24 Parental Fondness |
| 4 Content | 15 The Poet and Rose | 25 Monday |
| 5 The Mendicant | 16 Queen Isabella | 26 Tuesday |
| 6 Independance | 17 Love and Beauty | 27 Wednesday |
| 7 The Spinning Wheel | 18 The Lover's Lament | 28 Thursday |
| 8 Euphrosyne | 19 The Wandering Nymph | 29 Friday |
| 9 The wounded Fawn | 20 The Persian | 30 Saturday |
| 10 The Captive | 21 Nature's Gifts to Shake- | |
| 11 Lavinia | spear | |

The following Numbers comprising Poems that furnish two
Plates each, will be One Shilling per Number.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 31 Selim and Secander | 38 St. Cecilia and Timo- | 44 Hermit and Angel |
| 32 Hassan and Zara | theus | 45 Ella (two plates) |
| 33 Abbas and Abra | 39 Cupid and Time | 46 Mirth and Health |
| 34 Sylvia and Delia | 40 Plutus and Q. Eliza- | 47 Imogen and Iachimo |
| 35 Alexis and Doris | beth | 48 Idle Jack and Joan |
| 36 Daphne's Tomb and | 41 Invitation and Reply | 49 Morning and Evening |
| Stella | 42 William and Margaret | 50 Edwin and Angelina |
| 37 Gray's Elegy | 43 Edward and Emma | |



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Cabinet of Genius N^o. I.



J. Shelley pinx^t

C. Taylor sculp^t

The BARD.

*Visions of glory! spare my aching sight
Ae unborn ages crowd not on my soul*

Gray's Ode.

London. Published Jan^y 2, 1792, by C. Taylor, N^o 10, near Castle Street, Holborn.

THE
B A R D.

A PINDARIC ODE.

BY MR. GRAY.

RUIN feize thee, ruthless King,
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state!
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance!
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring
On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;

(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
' Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,
' Sigh to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
' O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
' To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
' That hush'd the stormy main:
' Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
' Mountains, ye mourn in vain
' Modred, whose magic song
' Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head,
' On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
' Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
' Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
' The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
' Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
' Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
' Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
' No more I weep. They do not sleep.
' On yonder cliffs, a grievous band,



A PINDARIC ODE.

‘ I see them sit, they linger yet,
‘ Avengers of their native land:
‘ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
‘ And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.’

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
“ The winding sheet of Edward’s race.
“ Give ample room, and verge enough
“ The characters of hell to trace.
“ Mark the year, and mark the night,
“ When Severn shall re-echo with affright
“ The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roofs that ring,
“ Shrieks of an agonizing King!
“ She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
“ That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
“ From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
“ The scourge of Heav’n. What terrors round him wait!
“ Amazement in his van, with flight combin’d,
“ And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.

“ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
“ Low on his funeral couch he lies!
“ No pitying heart, no eye afford
“ A tear to grace his obsequies.
“ Is the fable warrior fled?
“ Thy son is gone, He rests among the dead.

- " The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
" Gone to salute the rising morn.
" Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
" In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
" Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
" Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
" That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.
- " Fill high the sparkling bowl,
" The rich repast prepare,
" 'Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast;
" Close by the regal chair
" Fell thirst and famine scowl
" A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
" Heard ye the din of battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
" Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
" And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
" Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
" Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
" And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
" Above, below, the rose of snow,
" Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread!
" The bristled boar in infant gore
" Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

A PINDARIC ODE.

5

" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

" Edward, lo! to sudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)"

" Half of thy heart we consecrate.

" (The web is wove. The work is done.)"

' Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,

' Leave me unblest'd, unpity'd, here to mourn:

' In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,

' They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

' But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height

' Descending flow their glittering skirts unroll?

' Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,

' Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

' No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.

' All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

' Girt with many a Baron bold

' Sublime their starry fronts they rear;

' And gorgeous Dames, and Statesman old

' In bearded majesty, appear.

' In the midst a form divine!

' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;

' Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,

' Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.

' What strings symphonious tremble in the air!

' What strains of vocal transport round her play!

‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin, hear;
‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
‘ Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
‘ Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

‘ The verse adorn again
‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love,
‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
‘ In buskin’d measures move
‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
‘ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
‘ A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear;
‘ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
‘ That lost in long futurity expire.
‘ Fond impious man, think’st thou yon sanguine cloud,
‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the orb of day?
‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
‘ Enough for me; with joy I see
‘ The different doom our fates assign.
‘ Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’

He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain’s height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless night.





Cabinet of Genius N^o II.



J. Shelley pinx^t

C. Taylor sculp^t

ELOISA.

That well known name awakens all my woes.

Pope's Epistle

London, Published Jan^y 8, 1792, by C. Taylor, N^o 10, near Castle Street, Holborn.

E L O I S A
T O
A B E L A R D.

By Mr. P O P E.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns ;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins ?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat ?
Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat ?
Yet, yet I love !——From ABELARD it came,
And ELOISA yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name ! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd :
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's his lov'd idea lies :
Oh write it not, my hand——the name appears
Already written——wash it out, my tears !

II.

A

In

In vain lost ELOISA weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains :
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn ;
Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn ;
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying faints, whose statues learn to weep !
Tho' cold, like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart ;
Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclofe,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear !
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too where'er my own I find ;
Some dire misfortune follows close behind,
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a sad variety of woe :
Now warm in love, now with'ring in thy bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !
There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, Love and Fame.

Yet

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away ;
And is my ABELARD less kind than they ?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r :
No happier task these faded eyes pursue ;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief ;
Ah ! more than share it ! give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid ;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's name ;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd, Heav'n listen'd while you sung,
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.

From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back thro' the pleasing paths of sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made;
Love free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove,
Fame, wealth and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
Not CÆSAR's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love:
If there be yet another name, more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aking in the breast;

Ev'n

Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
 And each warm with springs mutual from the heart.
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
 And once the lot of ABELARD and me.

Alas, how chang'd ! what sudden horrors rise !
 A naked lover bound and bleeding lies !
 Where, where was ELOISE ? her voice, her hand,
 Her poniard, had oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian, stay ! that bloody stroke restrain ;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more ; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
 Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay ?
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell ?
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale ;
 Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
 And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
 Yet then to those dread altars as I drew,
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you :
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
 Come with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe ;
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow.

Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye.
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd:
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit ABELARD for GOD.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care;
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and desarts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heav'n:
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound),
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.

See how the force of others pray'rs I try :
(Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity !)
But why should I on others pray'rs depend ?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend !
Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
And, all those tender names in one, thy love !
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze ;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence and a dread repose :
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay ;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey !
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain ;
And here ev'n then shall my cold dust remain ;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait, till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

II.

B

Ah

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heav'n!—but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new:
Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task, a passion to resign!
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget!
But let Heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.

Fill

Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep,
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with sereneest beams,
And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her the Spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins HYMENÆALS sing,
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes;
To sounds of Heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day,

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy.
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curs'd, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!

Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake :—no more I hear, no more I view ;
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud ; it hears not what I say :
I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes :
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise !
Alas, no more !—methinks we wand'ring go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies ;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ;
Thy life a long, dead calm of fix'd repose ;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow ;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, ABELARD! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet ELOISA loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear, where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me.
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to Heav'n; dispute my heart:

Come,

Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears ;
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs ;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode ;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me : far as Pole from Pole ;
Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll !
Ah, come not, write not, think not once on me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
Forget, renounce me, have what'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view !)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu !
O Grace serene ! oh Virtue heav'nly fair !
Divine Oblivion of low-thoughted Care !
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky !
And Faith, our early immortality !
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest ;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest !

See in her cell sad ELOISA spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead !
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

' Come,

- ‘ Come, sister, come ! (it said, or seem’d to say)
- ‘ Thy place is here, sad sister, come away !
- ‘ Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray’d,
- ‘ Love’s victim then, though now a fainted maid :
- ‘ But all is calm in this eternal sleep ;
- ‘ Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep ;
- ‘ Ev’n Superstition loses ev’ry fear :
- ‘ For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.’

I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bow’rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow’rs.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin’d in breasts seraphic glow :
 Thou, ABELARD ! the last sad office pay,
 And smoothe my passage to the realms of day ;
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch the flying soul !
 Ah no——in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
 The hallow’d taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once lov’d ELOISA see !
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye !
 Till ev’ry motion, pulse, and breath be o’er ;
 And ev’n my ABELARD be lov’d no more.
 O Death all-eloquent ! you only prove
 What dust we doat on, when ’tis man we love.

Then

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round;
From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine!

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!

Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To PARACLETE'S white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;

Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!"

From the full quire when loud Hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,

Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear shall drop and be forgiv'n.

And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,

Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;

Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;

The well sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them, who shall feel them most.



N^o. III



J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

ABELARD.

*thy fatal Letter came,
I saw, I gazed, I shiver'd at the name,*

London Published Jan^y 1799 by C. Taylor N^o 12. near Cottle Street. Holborn.

A B E L A R D

TO E L O I S A.

By Mr. CAWTHORNE.

AH, why this boding Start! this sudden Pain,
That wings my Pulse, and shoots from Vein to Vein?
What mean, regardless of yon Midnight Bell,
These earth-born Visions saddening o'er my Cell?
What strange Disorder prompts these Thoughts to glow,
These Sighs to murmur, and these Tears to flow?
'Tis she, 'tis ELOISA's Form restor'd,
Once a pure Saint, and more than Saints ador'd:
She comes in all her killing Charms confest,
Glares thro' the Gloom, and pours upon my Breast,
Bids Heaven's bright Guard from PARACLETE remove,
And drags me back to Misery and Love.

Enjoy thy Triumphs, dear Illusion! see
This sad Apostate from his God to thee;
See, at thy Call, my guilty Warmths return,
Flame thro' my Blood, and steal me from my Urn.
Yet, yet, frail ABELARD! one Effort try,
Ere the last lingering Spark of Virtue die:
The deadly charming Sorcerers controul,
And, spite of Nature, tear her from thy Soul.

No. V.

A

Long

Long has that Soul in these unsocial Woods,
Where Anguish mufes, and where Horror broods,
From Love's wild visionary Wishes stray'd,
And fought to lose thy Beauties in the Shade.
Faith dropt a Smile, Devotion lent her Fire,
Woke the keen Pang, and sanctify'd Desire;
Led me enraptur'd to the blest Abode,
And taught my Heart to glow with all its God.
But oh, how weak her Faith and Virtue prove,
When ELOISA melts away in Love!
When her fond Soul impassion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No Joy forgotten, and no Wish conceal'd,
Flows thro' her Pen as Infant Softness free,
And fiercely springs in Ecstasies to me.
Ye Heavens! as walking in yon sacred Fane,
With every Seraph warm in every Vein,
Just as Remorse had rous'd an aching Sigh,
And my torn Soul hung trembling in my Eye,
In that kind Hour thy fatal Letter came,
I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the Name;
The conscious Lamps at once forgot to shine,
Prophetic Tremors shook the hallow'd Shrine;
Priests, Censers, Altars, from thy Genius fled,
And Heaven itself shut on me while I read.

Dear smiling Mischief! art thou still the same,
The still pale Victim of too soft a Flame?
Warm as when first with more than mortal Shine
Each melting Eye-ball mix'd thy Soul with mine?

Have

Have not thy Tears for ever taught to flow,
The Glooms of Absence, and the Pangs of Woe,
The Pomp of Sacrifice, the whisper'd Tale,
The dreadful Vow yet hovering o'er thy Veil,
Drove this bewitching Fondness from thy Breast?
Curb'd the loose Wish, and form'd each Pulse to rest?
And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant Knee
To Love's dread Shrine, and weep and sigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy Arms,
Spring to my Lips, and give me all thy Charms:
No, fly me, fly me, spread th' impatient Sail,
Steal the Lark's Wing, and mount the swiftest Gale;
Skim the last Ocean, freeze beneath the Pole;
Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy Soul;
Fly, fly, for Justice bears the Arm of God,
And the grasp'd Vengeance only waits his Nod.

Are these my Wishes? can they thus aspire?
Does Phrenzy form them, or does Grace inspire?
Can ABELARD, in Hurricanes of Zeal,
Betray his Heart, and teach thee not to feel?
Teach thy enamour'd Spirit to disown
Each human Warmth, and chill thee into Stone?
Ah, rather let my tenderest Accents move
The last wild Tumults of unholy Love!
On that dear bosom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my Soul, and in fierce Raptures die,
Rouze all my Passions, act my Joys anew,
Farewell, ye Cells! ye martyr'd Saints, adieu!

Sleep,

Sleep, Conscience, sleep! each awful Thought be drown'd,
And seven-fold Darkness veil the Scene around.
What means this Pause, this agonizing Start?
This Glimpse of Heaven quick-rushing through my Heart?
Methinks I see a radiant Cross display'd,
A wounded Saviour bleeds along the Shade;
Around th' expiring God bright Angels fly,
Swell the loud Hymn, and open all the Sky:
O save me, save me, ere the Thunders roll,
And Hell's black Caverns swallow up my Soul.

Return, ye Hours! when guiltless of a Stain,
My strong-plum'd Genius throbb'd in every Vein,
When warm'd with all th' ÆGYPTIAN Fanes inspir'd,
All ATHENS boasted, and all ROME admir'd;
My Merit in its full Meridian shone,
Each Rival blushing, and each Heart my own.
Return, ye Scenes!—ah no, from Fancy fly,
On Time's stretch'd Wing, till each Idea die,
Eternal fly, since all that Learning gave,
(Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save)
To Love's soft Empire every Wish betray'd,
And left my Laurels withering in the Shade.
Let me forget, that while deceitful Fame
Grasp'd her shrill Trump, and fill'd it with my Name,
Thy stronger Charms, impower'd by Heav'n to move
Each Saint, each blest Insensible to Love,
At once my Soul from bright Ambition won,
I hugg'd the Dart, I wish'd to be undone;

No more pale Science durst my Thoughts engage,
Insipid Dulness hung on every Page ;
The Midnight Lamp no more enjoy'd its Blaze,
No more my Spirit flew from Maze to Maze ;
Thy Glances bade Philosophy resign
Her Throne to thee, and every Sense was thine.

But what could all the Frosts of Wisdom do,
Oppos'd to Beauty, when it melts in you ?
Since these dark, cheerless, solitary Caves,
Death-breathing Woods, and daily-opening Graves,
Mishapen Rocks, wild Images of Woe,
For ever howling to the Deeps below ;
Ungential Defarts, where no vernal Shower
Wakes the green Herb, or paints th' unfolding Flow'r ;
Th' imbrowning Glooms these holy Mansions shed,
The night-born Horrors brooding o'er my Bed,
The dismal Scenes black Melancholy pours
O'er the sad Visions of enanguish'd Hours ;
Lean Abstinence, wan Grief, low-thoughted Care,
Distracting Guilt, and Hell's worst Fiend, Despair,
Conspire, in vain, with all the Aids of Art,
To blot thy dear Idea from my Heart.

Delusive, sightless God of warm Desire !
Why would'st thou wish to set a Wretch on Fire ?
Why lives thy soft Divinity where Woe
Heaves the pale Sigh, and Anguish loves to glow ?
Fly to the Mead, the Daisy-painted Vale,
Breathe in its Sweets, and melt along the Gale ;

Fly

Fly where gay Scenes luxurious Youths employ,
 Where every Moment steals the Wings of Joy ;
 There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy Throne,
 Devoted Slaves and Victims all thy own :
 Each Village-Swain the Turf-built Shrine shall raise,
 And Kings command whole Hecatombs to blaze.

O Memory ! ingenious to revive
 Each fleeting Hour, and teach the past to live,
 Witness what Conflicts this frail Bosom tore !
 What Griefs I suffer'd ! and what Pangs I bore !
 How long I struggled, labour'd, strove to save
 An Heart that panted to be still a Slave !
 When Youth, Warmth, Rapture, Spirit, Love, and Flame,
 Seiz'd every Sense, and burnt thro' all my Frame ;
 From Youth, Warmth, Rapture, to these Wilds I fled,
 My Food the Herbage, and the Rock my Bed.
 There, while these venerable Cloysters rise
 O'er the bleak Surge, and gain upon the Skies,
 My wounded Soul indulg'd the Tear to flow
 O'er all her sad Vicissitudes of Woe ;
 Profuse of Life, and yet afraid to die,
 Guilt in my Heart, and Horror in my Eye,
 With ceaseless Prayers, the whole Artillery given
 To win the Mercies of offended Heaven,
 Each Hill, made vocal, echo'd all around,
 While my torn Breast knock'd bleeding on the Ground.
 Yet, yet, alas ! tho' all my Moments fly
 Stain'd by a Tear, and darken'd in a Sigh ;

Tho'

Tho' meagre Fasts have on my Cheek display'd
 The Dusk of Death, and sunk me to a Shade,
 Spite of myself the still-impoisoning Dart
 Shoots thro' my Blood, and drinks up all my Heart;
 My Vows and Wishes wildly disagree,
 And Grace itself mistakes my God for thee.

Athwart the Glooms, that wrap the midnight Sky,
 My ELOISA steals upon my Eye;
 For ever rises in the solar Ray,
 A Phantom brighter than the Blaze of Day;
 Where-e'er I go, the visionary Guest
 Pants on my Lip, or sinks upon my Breast;
 Unfolds her Sweet, and, throbbing to destroy,
 Winds round my Heart in Luxury of Joy:
 While loud Hosannas shake the Shrines around,
 I hear her softer Accents in the Sound:
 Her Idol-beauties on each Altar glare,
 And Heaven much-injur'd has but half my Prayer:
 No Tears can drive her hence, no Pangs controul,
 For every Object brings her to my Soul,

Last Night, reclining on yon airy Steep,
 My busy Eyes hung brooding o'er the Deep;
 The breathless Whirlwinds slept in every Cave,
 And the soft Moon-beam danc'd from Wave to Wave;
 Each former Bliss in this bright Mirror seen,
 With all my Glories, dawn'd upon the Scene,
 Recall'd the dear auspicious Hour anew,
 When my fond Soul to ELOISA flew;

No. V,

B

When,

When, with keen speechless Ecstasies oppress,
 Thy frantic Lover snatch'd thee to his Breast,
 Gaz'd on thy Blushes arm'd with every Grace,
 And saw the Goddess beaming in thy Face!
 Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent Wishes move
 Each Pulse to Rapture, and each Glance to Love.
 But lo! the Winds descend, the Billows roar,
 Foam to the Clouds, and burst upon the Shore,
 Vast Peals of Thunder o'er the Ocean roll,
 The Flame-wing'd Lightning gleams from Pole to Pole.
 At once the pleasing Images withdrew,
 And more than Horrors crowded on my View;
 Thy Uncle's Form, in all his Ire array'd,
 Serenely dreadful stalk'd along the Shade;
 Pierc'd by his Sword, I sunk upon the Ground,
 The Spectre ghastly smil'd upon the Wound:
 A Group of black Infernals round me hung,
 And toss'd my Infamy from Tongue to Tongue.

Detested Wretch! how impotent thy Age!
 How weak thy Malice! and how kind thy Rage!
 Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art,
 Thy murdering Hand has left me all my Heart;
 Left me each tender, fond Affection, warm,
 A Nerve to tremble, and an Eye to charm.
 No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in Ill,
 Thou thought'st it dull Barbarity to kill;
 My Death had robb'd lost Vengeance of her Toil,
 And scarcely warm'd a Scythian to a Smile:

Sublimer

Sublimer Furies taught thy Soul to glow
With all their savage Mysteries of Woe;
Taught thy unfeeling Poniard to destroy
The Powers of Nature, and the Source of Joy;
To stretch me on the Racks of vain Desire,
Each Passion throbbing, and each Wish on fire;
Mad to enjoy, unable to be blest,
Fiends in my Veins, and Hell within my Breast.

Aid me, fair Faith! assist me, Grace divine!
Ye Martyrs! bless' me, and ye Saints! refine;
Ye sacred Groves! ye Heaven-devoted Walls!
Where Folly sickens, and where Virtue calls;
Ye Vows! ye Altars! from this Bosom tear
Voluptuous Love, and leave no Anguish there:
Oblivion! be thy blackest Plume display'd
O'er all my Griefs, and hide me in the Shade;
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend,
While awful Reason whispers in the Friend:
Friend, did I say? Immortals! what a Name!
Can dull, cold Friendship own so wild a Flame?
No; let thy Lover, whose enkindling Eye
Shot all his Soul between thee and the Sky,
Whose Warmths bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd Song
Call'd thy rapt Ear to die upon his Tongue,
Now strongly rouze, while Heaven his Zeal inspires,
Diviner Transports, and more holy Fires;
Calm all thy Passions, all thy Peace restore,
And teach that snowy Breast to heave no more.

Torn

Torn from the World, within dark Cells immur'd,
By Angels guarded, and by Vows secur'd,
To all that once awoke thy Fondness dead,
And Hope, pale Sorrow's last sad Refuge, fled ;
Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
Brood o'er false Joys, and hug th' ideal Chain ?
Say, canst thou wish, that, madly wild to fly
From yon bright Portal opening in the Sky,
Thy ABELARD should bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy Feet, and taste thy Charms anew ?
Ye Heavens ! if to this tender bosom woo'd,
Thy mere Idea harrows up my Blood ;
If one faint Glimpse of ELOISE can move
The fiercest, wildest Agonies of Love ;
What shall I be, when, dazzling as the Light,
Thy whole Effulgence flows upon my Sight ?
Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
And learn to be an Abbess in thy Heart ;
See, while Devotion's ever-melting Strain
Pours the loud Organ thro' the trembling Fane,
Yon pious Maids each earthly Wish disown,
Kiss the dread Cross, and crowd upon the Throne ;
O let thy Soul the sacred Charge attend,
Their Warmths inspirit, and their Virtues mend ;
Teach every Breast from every Hymn to steal
The Seraph's Meekness, and the Seraph's Zeal ;
To rise to Rapture, to dissolve away
In Dreams of Heaven, and lead thyself the Way,

Till

Till all the Glories of the blest Abode
Blaze on the Scene, and every Thought is God!
While thus thy exemplary Cares prevail,
And make each Vestal spotless as her Veil,
Th' eternal Spirit o'er thy Cell shall move
In the soft Image of the mystic Dove;
The long-lost Gleams of heavenly Comfort bring
Peace in his Smile, and Healing on his Wing;
At once remove Affliction from thy Breast,
Melt o'er thy Soul, and hush her Pangs to rest.

O that my Soul, from Love's curst Bondage free,
Could catch the Transports that I urge to thee!
O that some Angel's more than magic Art
Would kindly tear the Hermit from his Heart!
Extinguish every guilty Sense, and leave
No Pulse to riot, and no Sigh to heave.
Vain, fruitless Wish! still, still, the vigorous Flame
Bursts, like an Earthquake, thro' my shatter'd Frame;
Spite of the Joys that Truth and Virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love:
Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgiven;
Thy Form my Idol, and thy Charms my Heaven.

Yet, yet, my Fair! thy nobler Efforts try,
Lift me from Earth, and give me to the Sky;
Let my lost Soul thy brighter Virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy Hopes, and wing'd with all thy Zeal.
And when, low bending at the hallow'd Shrine,
Thy contrite Heart shall ABELARD resign;

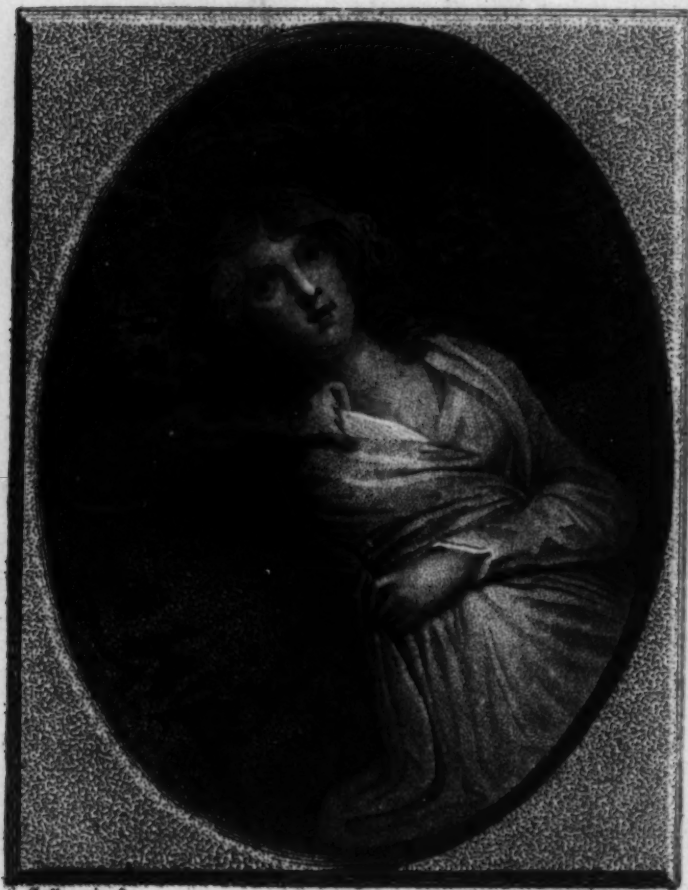
When

When pitying Heaven, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the Gates of Light, and bids thee live;
Seize on th' auspicious Moment ere it flee,
And ask the same immortal Boon for me.

Then when these black terrific Scenes are o'er,
And rebel Nature chills the Soul no more;
When on thy Cheek th' expiring Roses fade,
And thy last Lustres darken in the Shade;
When, arm'd with quick Varieties of Pain,
Or creeping dully flow from Vein to Vein,
Pale Death shall fet my kindred Spirit free,
And these dead Orbs forget to doat on thee;
Some pious Friend, whose wild Affections glow
Like ours, in sad Similitude of Woe,
Shall drop one tender, sympathizing Tear,
Prepare the Garland, and adorn the Bier:
Our lifeless Reliques in one Tomb enshrine,
And teach thy genial Dust to mix with mine.

Mean while, divinely purg'd from every Stain,
Our active Souls shall climb th' ethereal Plain,
To each bright Cherub's Purity aspire,
Catch all his Zeal, and pant with all his Fire;
There, where no Face the Gloom of Anguish wears,
No Uncle murders, and no Passion tears,
Enjoy with Heaven Eternity of Rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest,





J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

CONTENT.

Sweet Bird! for to thy note sedate —

Content still lends a listening ear.

London, Publish'd Decr 31 1789, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street Holborn.

C O N T E N T S

FROM HADRIAN: ELERIDA: MORF

THE Turtle tells her plaintive tale,
Sequester'd in some shadowy vale;
The Lark in radiant ether floats,
And swells his wild ecstatic notes;
Meanwhile on yonder hawthorn spray
The Linnet wakes her temp'rate lay;
She haunts no solitary shade,
She flutters o'er no sun-shine mead,
No love-lorn griefs depress her song,
No raptures lift it loudly high,
But soft she trills, amid th' aerial throng,
Smooth simple strains of sob'rest harmony.

Sweet Bird! like thine our lay shall flow,
Nor gaily brisk, nor sadly slow;

For

For to thy note, sedate and clear,
 CONTENT still lends a list'ning ear.
 Reclin'd this mossy bank along,
 Oft has she heard thy careless song:
 Why hears not now? What fairer grove
 From Harewood lures her devious love?
 What fairer grove than Harewood knows,
 More woodland walks, more fragrant gales,
 More shadowy bow'rs, inviting soft repose,
 More streams flow-wand'ring thro' her winding vales?

Perhaps to some lone cave the Rover flies,
 Where lull'd in pious peace the Hermit lies.

For, from the Hall's tumultuous state,
 Where banners wave with blazon'd gold,
 There will the meek-eyed Matron oft retreat,
 And with the solemn Sage high converse hold.

There, Goddess, on the shaggy mound,
 Where tumbling torrents roar around,
 Where pendant mountains o'er your head
 Stretch their reverential shade;
 You listen, while the holy Seer
 Slowly chaunts his vespers clear;
 Or of his sparing melfs partake,
 The fav'ry pulse, the wheaten cake,

The

The bev'rage cool of limpid rill.
Then, rising light, your host you blest,
And o'er his faintly temples bland distil
Seraphic day-dreams of heav'n's happiness.

Where'er thou art, enchanting Power,
Thou soon wilt smile in Harewood's bower :
Soon will thy fairy feet be seen,
Printing this dew-impearled green ;
Soon shall we mark thy gestures meek,
Thy glitt'ring eye, and dimpled cheek,
Among the welcome guests that move
Attendant on the state of Love.
There, when the Sov'reign leads along
Of Sports and Smiles a jocund train,
Then last, but loveliest of the lovely throng,
Thou com'st to soften, yet secure his reign.

And, hark ! completing our prophetic lay,
The fleet hoof rattles o'er the flinty way ;
Now nearer, and now nearer, sounds.
Avaunt ! ye vain, delusive Fears !
Hark ! Echo tells thro' Harewood's amplest bounds,
That Love, Content, and ATHELWOLD appears.

The best large cool of living still
Then, rising light, your bolt you bid,
And a certain faintly tremble still
Scarcely day-dreams of heaven's happiness.

Thou art thou art, charming, thou art
Thou soon will be in Harwood's power
Soon will thy tiny feet be free
Priming the new-matched green
Sobs shall we mark thy golden neck
The smiling eye, and dimpled cheek
Among the welcome friends that meet
Gladness on the face of Love
I here, when the new light of day
Of spots and smiles a second time
Thou art, but lovely of the lovely heart
Thou comest to follow, yet leave me in tears.

And, hark! completing our prophetic
The best cool rain of the fifty years
Now nearer and now nearer, looms
A vast! ye vain, delusive fears!
Hark! Echo tells the Harwood's and the
That I love, Content, and Arthurwood's happiness.



No V



The MENDICANT.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man—

London, Published Feb^y 1799 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

M E N D I C A N T.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
 For plenty there a residence has found,
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
 Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
 A pamper'd menial drove me from the door
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
 For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
 And tears of pity would not be repress.

Heaven

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we repine?
 'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
 And your condition may be soon like mine,
 The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
 Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
 But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
 My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.



N^o VI



INDEPENDENCE.

- No knot confines her waving hair;
- No zone her floating vest;

London, Publish'd Feb^y 8: 1792. by C. Taylor N^o 10 near C^oylle Street, Holborn.

O D E
T O I N D E P E N D E N C E .

BY THE REV. W. MASON, M.A.

HERE, on my native shore reclin'd,
While silence rules this midnight hour!
I woo thee, goddess; on my raving mind
Descend, propitious pow'r!
And bid these ruffling gales of grief subside:
Bid my calm soul with all thy influence shine;
As yon chaste orb along this ample tide
Draws the long lustre of her silver line,
While the hush'd breeze its last weak whisper blows,
And lulls old slumber to his deep repose.

II.

Come to thy votry's ardent prayer,
In all thy graceful plainness drest:
No knot confines thy waving hair,
No zone thy floating vest;
Unfullied honour decks thine open brow,
And candour brightens in thy modest eye:
Thy blush is warm content's ethereal glow;
Thy smile is peace; thy step is liberty:
Thou scatter'st blessings round with lavish hand,
As Spring with careless fragrance fills the land.

A

III. As

III.

As now o'er this lone beach I stray,
 Thy fav'rite swain oft stole along,
 And artless tun'd his Dorian lay,
 Far from the busy throng.
 Thou heard'st him, goddess, strike the tender string,
 And bad'st his soul with bolder passions move :
 Soon these responsive shores forgot to ring,
 With beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted love ;
 To loftier flights his daring genius rose,
 And led the war, 'gainst thine, and Freedom's foes.

IV.

Pointed with satire's keenest steel,
 The shafts of wit he darts around ;
 Ev'n mitred Dulness learns to feel,
 And shrinks beneath the wound.
 In awful poverty his honest muse
 Walks forth vindictive thro' a venal land :
 In vain Corruption sheds her golden dews,
 In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand ;
 He scorns them both, and, arm'd with truth alone,
 Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne.

V.

Behold, like him, immortal maid,
The muses vestal fires I bring:
Here, at thy feet, the sparks I spread;
Propitious wave thy wing.
And fan them to that dazzling blaze of song,
Which glares tremendous on the sons of pride.
But, hark, methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue!
In distant trills it echoes o'er the tide;
Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,
As swells the lark's meridian ecstasy.

VI.

" Fond youth! to MARVELL's patriot fame,
" Thy humble breast must ne'er aspire,
" Yet nourish still the lambent flame;
" Still strike thy blameless lyre:
" Led by the moral muse, securely rove;
" And all the vernal sweets thy vacant youth
" Can cull from busy Fancy's fairy grove,
" O hang their foliage round the fane of Truth:
" To arts like these devote thy tuneful toil,
" And meet its fair reward in D'ARCY's smile.

VII. "Tis

VII.

- " 'Tis he, my son, alone shall cheer
" Thy sickning soul; at that sad hour,
" When o'er a much-lov'd parent's bier,
" Thy duteous sorrows shower:
" At that sad hour, when all thy hopes decline;
" When pining Care leads on her pallid train;
" And sees thee, like the weak and widow'd vine,
" Winding thy blasted tendrils o'er the plain.
" At that sad hour shall D'ARCY lend his aid,
" And raise with Friendship's arm thy drooping head.

VIII.

- " This fragrant wreath, the muses meed,
" That bloom'd those vocal shades among,
" Where never Flattery dar'd to tread,
" Or Int'rest's servile throng.
" Receive, thou favour'd son, at my command,
" And keep, with sacred care, for D'ARCY's brow:
" Tell him, 'twas twin'd by my immortal hand,
" I breath'd on every flower a purer glow;
" Say, for thy sake, I send the gift divine
" To him, who calls thee HIS, yet makes thee MINE."





The SPINNING WHEEL.

She turn'd to see her future Spouse,

London, Publish'd Feb^r 15, 1792 by C. Taylor N^o 10, near Castle Street, Holborn.

SPINNING - WHEEL.

ONE Summer eve, as NANCY fair
 Sat spinning in the shade,
 While sky-larks soaring high in air
 Were warbling o'er her head;
 And doves in tender cooings woo'd,
 (As mutual love they feel)
 She sung, but still her work pursued,
 And turn'd her spinning-wheel.

"While thus I work with rock and reel,
 "Our life by time is spun;
 "And, as runs round my spinning-wheel,
 "The world turns up and down:
 "Some rich to-day, to-morrow poor,
 "While I no changes feel,
 "But sit, industrious, at my door,
 "And turn my spinning-wheel.
 "From me let men, and women too,
 "This homespun lesson learn,
 "Not mind what other people do,
 "But eat the bread they earn:
 "If none were fed, in each degree,
 "But who deserv'd a meal,
 "Some ladies then, as well as me,
 "Must turn the spinning-wheel."

The rural Toast in artless tone
Thus sung her pensive strain,
When o'er the stile leap'd faithful JOHN,
Who long had plough'd the main;
She turn'd to view her future spouse;
(Away flew rock and reel)
Now keeps, in happinels, his house,
And turns her spinning-wheel.



N^o. VIII



J. Dooly pinxit

W. Nott sculpit

EUPHROSYNE.

— Goddess, fair, and free.

London Published Feb: 24. 1793 by C. Taylor N^o. 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

L' A L L E G R O.

By JOHN MILTON.

HENCE, loathed MELANCHOLY,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian Cave forlorn,
'Mong horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sighs unholy;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd EUPHROSYNE,
And by men, heart-easing MIRTH;
Whom lovely VENUS at a birth
With two Sister Graces more,
To Ivy-crowned BACCHUS bore;
Or whether (as some fager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the Spring,

ZEPHYR,

ZEPHYR, with AURORA playing,
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on HEBE's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides :
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The Mountain Nymph, sweet LIBERTY ;
And if I give thee honour due,
MIRTH, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free ;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night ;
From his watch tow'r in the skies
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,

Through

Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine ;
While the Cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before.
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill ;
Sometime walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the Plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his scythe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale ;
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
While the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest,

Meadows

Meadows trim with daifies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where CORYDON and THYRSIS met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed PHILLIS dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With THESTYLIS to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The up-land hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On the sun-shine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail—
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Fairy MAB the junkets eat;

She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
And he by Fairies lanthorn-led ;
Tells how the drudging GOBLIN sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lies him down the lubbar Fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towered Cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let HYMEN oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such fights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer eves by haunted stream.

Then

Then to the well-trod Stage anon,
If JOHNSON'S learned sock be on,
Or sweetest SHAKESPEARE, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild :
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse
Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness, long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running ;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony ;
That ORPHEUS self may heave his head,
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of PLUTO, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd EURYDICE.
These delights if thou canst give,
MIRTH, with thee I mean to live.





The WOUNDED FAWN.

See how it weeps! the tears do come

Sad, slowly dropping —

London, Published May 1799, by C. Taylor N^o. 10, near Castle Street, Holborn.

W O U N D E D F A W N .

By ANDREW MARVELL.

THE wanton troopers riding by,
 Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
 Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
 Who kill'd thee; thou ne'er didst, alive,
 Them any harm: alas! nor could
 Thy death yet do them any good.
 I'm sure I never wish'd them ill;
 Nor do I for all this—nor will—
 But, if my simple prayers may yet
 Prevail with Heaven to forget
 Thy murder, I will join my tears
 Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
 It cannot die so: Heaven's King
 Keeps register of every thing;
 And nothing we may use in vain,
 Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain;
 Else men are made their deodands:
 Though they should wash their guilty hands
 In this warm life-blood, which doth part
 From thine, and wound me to the heart!
 Yet could they not be clean: their stain
 Is dy'd in such a purple grain.
 There is not such another in
 The world, to offer for their sin.

Inconstant SYLVIO, when yet
 I had not found him counterfeit,

One morning (I remember well)
 Ty'd in this silver chain and bell,
 Gave it to me; nay, and I know
 What he then said, I'm sure I do.
 Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
 Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear."
 But SYLVIO soon had me beguil'd:
 This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
 And, quite regardless of my smart,
 Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
 My solitary time away,
 With this: and very well content
 Could so mine idle life have spent.
 For it was full of sport; and light
 Of foot, and heart; and did invite
 Me to its game: it seem'd to bless
 Itself in me: how could I less
 Than love it? O, I cannot be
 Unkind t' a beast that loveth me!

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
 Whether it too might have done so
 As SYLVIO did: his gifts might be,
 Perhaps, as false, or more than he;
 But I am sure, for aught that I
 Could in so short a time espy,
 Thy love was far more better than
 The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
 I it at my own fingers nurs't;
 And as it grew, so every day
 It wax'd more white and sweet than they.

It had so sweet a breath! and oft
 It blush'd to see its foot more soft
 And white, than—shall I say my hand?
 Nay, any lady's of the land.
 It is a wondrous thing, how fleet
 'Twas on those little silver feet!
 With what a pretty skipping grace
 It oft would challenge me the race;
 And when't had left me far away,
 'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
 For it was nimbler much than hinds;
 And trod, as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
 But so with roses overgrown,
 And lilies, that you would it guess
 To be a little wilderness:
 And all the spring-time of the year
 It only loved to be there.
 Among the beds of lilies, I
 Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
 Yet could not, till itself should rise,
 Find it, although before my eyes:
 For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
 It like a band of lilies laid,
 Upon the roses it would feed,
 Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed;
 And then to me would boldly trip,
 And print those roses on my lip.
 But all its chief delight was still
 On roses thus itself to fill;
 And its pure virgin limbs to fold
 In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
 Had it liv'd long, it would have been
 Lilies without, roses within.

O help!

O help! O help! I see it faint—
 And die—as calmly as a faint—
 See how it weeps! the tears do come
 Sad, slowly dropping, like a gum.
 So weeps the wounded balsam! so
 The holy frankincense doth flow!
 The brotherless Heliades
 Melt in such amber tears as these.
 I, in a golden vial, will
 Keep these two crystal tears; and fill
 It, till it do o'erflow with mine:
 Then place it in DIANA's shrine,

Now my sweet fawn is vanish'd to
 Whither the swans and turtles go:
 In fair Elysium to endure,
 With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.
 O do not run too fast, for I
 Will but bespeak thy grave, and die!

First, my unhappy statue shall
 Be cut in marble; and withal
 Let it be weeping too;—but there
 Th' engraver sure his art may spare!
 For I so truly thee bemoan,
 That I shall weep though I be stone;
 Until my tears, still dropping, wear
 My breast, themselves engraving there.
 There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
 Of purest alabaster made;
 For I would have thine image be
 White as I can, though not as thee.



N^o X



J. Shelley pinx^t

C. Taylor sculp^t

The CAPTIVE.

Sitting on the ground on a little straw—

London, Publish'd Mar. 8. 1792 by C. Taylor N^o 10, near Castle Street, Holborn.

—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed
through his lattice:—**THE**—

But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced

C A P T I V E.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw,
in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alter-
nately his chair and bed: a naked calendar of small sticks
By Mr. STERNE.

I WAS going to begin with the millions of my fellow-
creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery: but
finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could
not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad
groups in it did but distract me—

—I took a single captive, and having first shut him
up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight
of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expect-
tation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness
of the heart it was which arises from hope deferr'd.
Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish: in
thirty years the western breeze had not once fann'd his
blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time

—nor

—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice:—his children——

But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notch'd all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn——





LAVINIA.

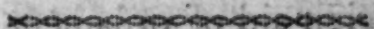
— when the mournful tale her Mother told
 Thrill'd in her thought —

London, Publish'd by C. Taylor N° 10 near Castle Street, Holborn March; 1792

P A L E M O N A N D L A V I N I A .

F R O M

T H O M S O N ' s S E A S O N s .



TH E lovely young L A V I N I A once had friends;
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.

For in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
Of ev'ry stay, save innocence and Heav'n;
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy fashion and low-minded pride.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,

No. XIII.

A

Still

Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat, fair-proportion'd, on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embow'ring woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild,
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet LAVINIA; till at length, compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains
PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy,
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.

He

He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye,
Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field ;
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :

What pity ! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enliv'ning sense,
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
Of old ACASTO's line ; and to my mind
Recals that patron of my happy life,
From whom my lib'ral fortune took its rise ;
Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better day,
His aged widow and his daughter live,

Whom

Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wish!—would this the daughter were!

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same—the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful ACASTO! who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shiv'ring transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd, at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom;
 And thus PALEMON, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

And art thou then ACASTO's dear remains?
 She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
 So long in vain? Oh yes!—the very same,
 The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 Alive; his ev'ry feature, ev'ry look,
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring!
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 That nourish'd up my fortune, say—Ah, where,
 In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn
 The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
 Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,

Beat

PALEMON AND LAVINIA.

5

Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
 O let me now into a richer soil
 Transplant thee safe; where vernal suns and show'rs
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence!
 And of my garden be the pride and joy!
 It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits
 ACASTO'S daughter—his, whose open stores,
 Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 The father of a country—thus to pick
 The very refuse of those harvest fields,
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy:
 Then throw the shameful pittance from thy hand,
 But ill apply'd to such a rugged task.
 The fields—the master—all, my fair, are thine,
 If to the various blessings which thy house
 Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 That dearest bliss—the pow'r of blessing thee!

Here ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul;
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for LAVINIA'S fate.
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam

Of setting life shone on her evening-hours ;
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good—the grace of all the country round.

N.° VII



The MISER

Opens the Chest with treasure stored

London, Publish'd May 1779 by C. Taylor N.° 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

MISER AND PLUTUS,

A FABLE. By MR. GAY.

THE wind was high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the miser wakes.
Along the silent room he stalks;
Looks back, and trembles as he walks:
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries,
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast,
By conscience stung, he wildly stares;
And thus his guilty soul declares.

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold. Good gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill:
'Twas gold instructed coward-hearts,
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.

Who

Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!

He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood.

The miser trembling, lock'd his chest;
The Vision frown'd, and thus address'd.

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant?

Each sordid rascal's daily cant.

Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind?

The fault's in thy rapacious mind.

Because my blessings are abus'd,

Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?

Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made

A cloak to carry on the trade;

And power (when lodg'd in their possession)

Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.

Thus when the villain crams his chest,

Gold is the canker of the breast;

'Tis av'rice, insolence, and pride,

And ev'ry shocking vice beside.

But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,

It blesses, like the dews of heaven!

Like heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,

And wipes the tear from widows' eyes;

Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,

Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?

Let bravoës then (when blood is spilt)

Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.



J. Bailey pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

PLUTUS.

Just like our purse-proud fellows here.

London, Publish'd Sep. 2^d 1788 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.







The LADY and WASP.

— *Good Gods! she cries,
Defend me from these teasing flies.*

London, Publish'd April 11 1792 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

THE LADY AND THE WASP.

By Mr. GAY.

WHAT whispers must the Beauty bear!
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!

Where'er her eyes dispense their charms

Impertinence around her swarms.

Did not the tender nonsense strike,

Contempt and scorn might look dislike,

Forbidding airs might thin the place,

The slightest flap a fly can chase.

But who can drive the num'rous breed?

Chase one, another will succeed.

Who knows a fool must know his brother;

One fop will recommend another;

And with this plague she's rightly curst,

Because she listen'd to the first.

As DORIS, at her toilette's duty,

Sat meditating on her beauty,

She now was pensive, now was gay,

And lull'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,

A giddy Wasp around her flies,

He now advances, now retires,

Now to her neck and cheek aspires;

Her fan in vain defends her charms.

Swift he returns, again alarms;

For

For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.

She frowns, she frets. Good Gods, she cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies!
Of all the plagues that Heav'n hath sent
A Wasp is most impertinent.

The hov'ring insect thus complain'd.
Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
Can such offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me, with strong desire, pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew.

Strike him not, JENNY, DORIS cries,
Nor murder Wasps, like common flies,
For though he's free (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.

In ecstasies away he posts,
Where'er he came the favour boasts,
Braggs how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shews the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew:
Sure of success away they flew;
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play,
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast,
Nor were they banish'd, till she found
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.





The DOVE.

*Come hither, my Dove,
I'll write to my Love.*

London, Publish'd Aug. 1st 1789, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

T H E E
D O V E.

I.

WHY tarries my love?
Ah! where does he rove?
My love is long absent from me;
Come hither my Dove,
I'll write to my love,
And send him a letter by thee.

II.

To find him, swift fly,
The letter I'll tie
Secure to thy leg with a string:
Ah! not to my leg,
Fair lady, I beg,
But fasten it under my wing.

III.

Her Dove she did deck;
She drew o'er his neck
A bell and a collar so gay;
She tied to his wing
The scroll with a string,
Then kiss'd him, and sent him away.

IV.

It blew and it rain'd ;
The Pigeon disdain'd
To seek shelter : undaunted he flew,
Till wet was his wing,
And painful the string,
So heavy the letter it grew.

V.

He flew all around,
Till Colin he found,
Then perch'd on his hand with the prize ;
Whose heart, while he reads,
With tenderness bleeds
For the Pigeon that flutters and dies.



N^o XV



J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

The ROSE.

Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace,—

London, Published April 15, 1792, by C. Taylor, N^o 10, near Castle Street, Holborn.

A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the Mistletoe did:

Go, Rose, my CHLOE's bosom grace;

POET AND THE ROSE,

A FABLE.

By Mr. GAY.

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.

Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own.

Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,

Think slander can transplant the bays.

Beauties and bards have equal pride,

With both all rivals are decry'd.

Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,

Must call her sister awkward creature;

For the kind flatt'ry's sure to charm,

When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And ev'ry stalk with odour bends:

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the Muse inspir'd :

Go, Rose, my CHLOE's bosom grace ;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place
With never-fading love !
There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.

Know, hapless flower ! that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there ;
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair !
One common fate we both must prove ;
You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your comparisons, reply'd
An angry Rose, who grew beside.
Of all mankind you should not flout us ;
What can a Poet do without us ?
In ev'ry love-song Roses bloom ;
We lend you colour and perfume :
Does it to CHLOE's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse ?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade ?





J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor fecit.

QUEEN ISABELLA.

——— *longing to behold*
her long miss'd love ———

London, Published April 1: 1789, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

I S A B E L L A,

Queen of King RICHARD II. beholding the triumphant Entry of his Rival HENRY BOLINGBROKE; who had taken the King Prisoner.

[FROM AN ANCIENT POEM.]

FAIR ISABELLA, longing to behold
Her long-miss'd love, in fearful jeopardies;
To whom, although it had in part been told
Of their proceeding, and of his surprise;
Yet, thinking they would never be so bold
To lead their Lord in any shameful wise,
But rather would conduct him like their King,
(As seeking but the State's re-ordering)

Abroad she looks; and notes the foremost train—
And grieves to view some there she wish'd not there;
Seeing the Chief not come—stays—looks again;
And yet she sees not him that should appear:
Then back she stands, and then desires as fain
Again to look, to see if he were near;
At length a glitt'ring troop far off she spies,
Perceives the throng, and hears the shouts and cries,

'Lo! yonder now, at length he comes,' saith she;
'Look, my good women, where he is in sight!
Do you not see him yonder? That is he,
Mounted on that white courser, all in white,

A

There!

There! where the thronging troops of people be;
 I know him by his seat, he sits upright:
 Lo, now he bows! dear Lord! with what sweet grace!
 How long have I long'd to behold that face!

'O what delight my heart takes by mine eye!
 I doubt me, when he comes but something near,
 I shall set wide the window. What care I
 Who doth see me, so him I may see clear?'
 Thus doth false joy delude her wrongfully
 (Sweet Lady!) in the thing she held so dear:
 For, nearer come, she finds she had mistook;
 And him she mark'd was HENRY BOLINGBROKE.

Then Envy takes the place in her sweet eyes,
 Where Sorrow had prepar'd herself a seat;
 And words of wrath, from whence complaints should rise,
 Proceed from eager looks, and brows that threat:
 'Traitor!' saith she; 'is't thou, that in this wife,
 To brave thy Lord and King, art made so great?
 And have mine eyes done unto me this wrong
 To look on thee? For this staid I so long?

'Ah! have they grac'd a perjur'd rebel so?
 Well; for their error I will weep them out,
 And hate the tongue defil'd, that prais'd my foe,
 And loath the mind, that gave me not to doubt.

What!

What! have I added shame unto my woe?
I'll look no more: Ladies! look you about,
And tell me if my Lord be in this train;
Lest my betraying eyes should err again.'

And in this passion turns herself away:——
The rest look all, and careful note each wight;
While she, impatient of the least delay,
Demands again; 'And what, not yet in sight?
Where is my Lord? What, gone some other way?
I muse at this. O God! grant all go right!
Then to the window goes again at last,
And sees the chiefest train of all was past;

And sees not him her soul desired to see:
And yet Hope, spent, makes her not leave to look.
At last, her love-quick eyes, which ready be,
Fastens on one; whom tho' she never took
Could be her Lord, yet that sad cheer which he
Then shew'd, his habit, and his woeful look,
The grace he doth in base attire retain,
Caus'd her she could not from his sight refrain.

'What might he be,' she said, 'that thus alone
Rides pensive in this universal joy?
Some I perceive, as well as we, do moan;
All are not pleas'd with every thing this day.
It may be, he laments the wrong is done
Unto my Lord; and grieves, as well he may.

& Then

Then he is some of ours; and we, of right,
Must pity him, who pities our sad plight.

‘But stay! is’t not my Lord himself I see?
In truth, if ’twere not for his base array,
I verily should think that it were he;
And yet his baseness doth a grace bewray—
Yet God forbid! let me deceived be!
And be it not my Lord! although it may!
Let my desire make vows against desire!
And let my sight approve my sight a liar!

‘Let me but see him, like himself! a King;
For so he left me; so he did remove.
This is not he, this feels some other thing;
A passion of dislike, or else of love!
O yes! ’tis he! that princely face doth bring
The evidence of majesty to prove:
That face, I have conferr’d, which now I see,
With that within my heart, and they agree!’

Thus as she stood, assur’d, and yet in doubt;
Wishing to see, what seen she griev’d to see;
Having belief, yet fain would be without;
Knowing, yet striving not to know ’twas he:
Her heart relenting, yet her heart so stout
As would not yield to think what was, could be:
Till, quite condemn’d by open proof of sight,
She must confess; or else deny the light.

For, whether love in him did sympathise,
Or chance so wrought, to manifest her doubt,
E'en just before, where she thus secret pries,
He stays, and, with clear face, looks all about;
When she, 'Tis, oh, too true! I know his eyes!
Alas, it is my own dear Lord!' cries out;
And, with that cry, sinks down upon the floor.
Abundant grief lack'd words to utter more.

Then, like a torrent had been stopt before,
Tears, sighs, and words, doubled together flow;
Confus'dly striving whether should do more,
The true intelligence of grief to show.
Sighs hinder'd words: words perish'd in their store:
Both, intermix'd in one, together grow.
One would do all: the other, more than's part;
Both being equal agents, from the heart.

'What!' (intermixing words and tears) said she,
'Are these the triumph for thy victories?
Is this the glory thou dost bring with thee,
From that unhappy Irish enterprize?
And have I made so many vows to see
Thy safe return, and see thee in this wife?
Is this the look'd-for comfort thou dost bring?
To come a Captive, that went out a King?

'And yet, dear Lord! tho' thy ungrateful land
Hath left thee thus, yet I will take thy part:

I do

I do remain the same; under thy hand
Thou still dost rule the kingdom of my heart.
If all be lost, that government doth stand;
And that shall never from thy rule depart:
And so thou be, I care not how thou be:
Let greatness go, so it go without thee!

* And welcome come, how-so unfortunate!
I will applaud what others do despise:
I love thee for thy self, not for thy state:
More than thyself, is what without thee lies:
Let that more go, if it be in thy fate!
And having but thyself, it will suffice:
I married was not to thy crown, but thee;
And thou, without a crown, all one to me.

* But what do I here lurking idly, moan
And wail apart, and in a single part
Make several grief? which should be both in one,
The touch being equal of each other's heart.
Ah, no! sweet Lord! thou must not moan alone;
For, without me, thou art not all thou art;
Nor my tears, without thine, are fully tears:
Full sorrow in our mingled griefs appears.—
No: I will cheer thy state; and thou shalt find
Thy loving Queen maintains a royal mind.



N^o XVII



J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

LOVE and BEAUTY.

Lightsome
cross'd the plains.

London, Publish'd May, 8 1792, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

M E L O D Y,

By Mr. C U N N I N G H A M.

LIGHTSOME, as convey'd by sparrows,
LOVE and BEAUTY cross'd the plains;
Flights of little pointed arrows
LOVE dispatch'd among the swains.

But so much our shepherds dread him
(Spoiler of their peace profound),
Swift as scudding fawns they fled him,
Frighten'd though they felt no wound.

Now, the wanton God grown slier,
And for each fond mischief ripe,
Comes disguis'd in Pan's attire,
Tuning sweet an oaten pipe.

Echo,

Echo, by the winding river,
Doubles his deluding strains;
While the boy conceals his quiver
From the flow-returning swains.

As PALEMON, unsuspecting,
Prais'd the fly musician's art;
Love, his light disguise rejecting,
Lodg'd an arrow in his heart.

CUPID will enforce your duty,
Shepherds, and would have you taught,
Those, that timid fly from BEAUTY,
May by MELODY be caught.

C O N.





S. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

The LAMENT.

O thou pale Orb —
I joyless view thy beams —

London, Publish'd April, 7. 1799. by C. Taylor N^o. 20 near Castle Street, Holborn.

THE
DELUDED LOVER'S LAMENT,

A SCOTTISH POEM.

I.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch, who inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How *life* and *love* are all a dream!

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly marked, distant hill;
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected on the gurgling rill.
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace!

A

III.

III.

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
 My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim :
 No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame ;
 The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;
 The oft-attested Pow'rs above ;
 The *promis'd Father's tender name* :
 These were the pledges of my love !

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptur'd moments flown !
 How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,
 For her dear sake, and hers alone !
 And, must I think it ! is she gone,
 My secret heart's exulting boast ?
 And does she heedless hear my groan ?
 And is she ever, ever lost ?

V.

Oh ! can she bear so base a heart,
 So lost to honour, lost to truth,
 As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth ?
 Alas ! Life's path may be unsmooth !
 Her way may lie thro' rough distress !
 Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
 Her sorrows share and make them less ?

THE DELUDED LOVER'S LAMENT.

3

VI.

Ye winged Hours that o'er us past,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a *wish* to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe:
I see the hours, in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen Recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns, haggard-wild, in fore affright;
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief
From such a horror-breathing night.

IX. O!

THE DELUDED LOVER'S LAMENT,

IX.

O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse,
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

X.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never to return!
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I wander thro';
And hopeless, comfortless, I mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow,





J. Shelley pinx.

W. Kneass sculp.

The WANDERING NYMPH.

On every hill, in every grove.

London, Published May 1793 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

THE
N Y M P H,
WANDERING IN SEARCH OF HER LOVER.

I.

ON every hill, in every grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
(Dear conscious scenes of former love!)
I mourn, and DAMON is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the streams remain—
But DAMON there I seek in vain.

II.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
Where to my swain I oft have sung,
Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
As o'er the airy steep they hung.
The mossy cave, the goats remain—
But DAMON there I seek in vain.

III.

Now thro' the winding vale I pass,
And sigh to see the well-known shade;
I weep and kiss the bended grass,
Where LOVE and DAMON fondly play'd.
The vale, the shade, the grass remain—
But DAMON there I seek in vain.

IV.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more;
 Each flower, in pity, droops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore:
 All, all reproach the faithless swain—
 Yet DAMON still I seek in vain.





The PERSIAN.

Prostrate before the god of day

London, Publish'd Aug. 1. 1789, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Gylfe Street, Holborn.

T H E

PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

A F A B L E.

B Y M R. G A Y.

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose ev'ry thought the god inspires?
When Envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all CURL's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up Calumny and Spite:
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As prostrate to the God of Day,
With heart devout, a Persian lay,
His invocation thus begun:

Parent of Light! all-seeing Sun!
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of Providence,

Accept

Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year.

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung ;
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud.

Weak is this gaudy God of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows nor incense know ?
Where praise is due the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud Calumny reprov'd.
It was that God who claims my pray'r
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there ;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown :
A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd,

The gale arose ; the vapour tost
(The sport of winds) in air was lost ;
The glorious orb the day refines.
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.





S. Shelley pinxt

W. Nutter sculp.

NATURE'S GIFTS TO SHAKSPEARE.

Thine be these golden keys, immortal boy—

London, Publish'd April 1. 1789. by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

THE
PROGRESS OF POESY:

P I N D A R I C O D E.

AWAKE, Æolian Lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the fullen Cares,
And frantic Passions, hear thy soft controul.

A

On

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,
 And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the sceptred hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day
 With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet:
 To brisk notes in cadence beating
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
 Where-e'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way:
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where-e'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Egean deep,

Fields,

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinsths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;

A PINDARIC ODE.

3

Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding
pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:

Yet

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.





J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

FLAVIA.

On her raw'd arm reclined her Drooping head.

London, Publish'd May 1, 1787 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

FLAVIA;

OR, THE

SOLILOQUY

Of a BEAUTY in the COUNTRY.

'T WAS night; and FLAVIA to her room retir'd,
With ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd;
There melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken town:
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:

- “ Ah, what avails it to be young and fair,
“ To move with negligence, to dress with care?
“ What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,
“ If all in envious solitude are lost?
“ Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
“ Where none are Beaux, 'tis vain to be a Belle:

VIII.

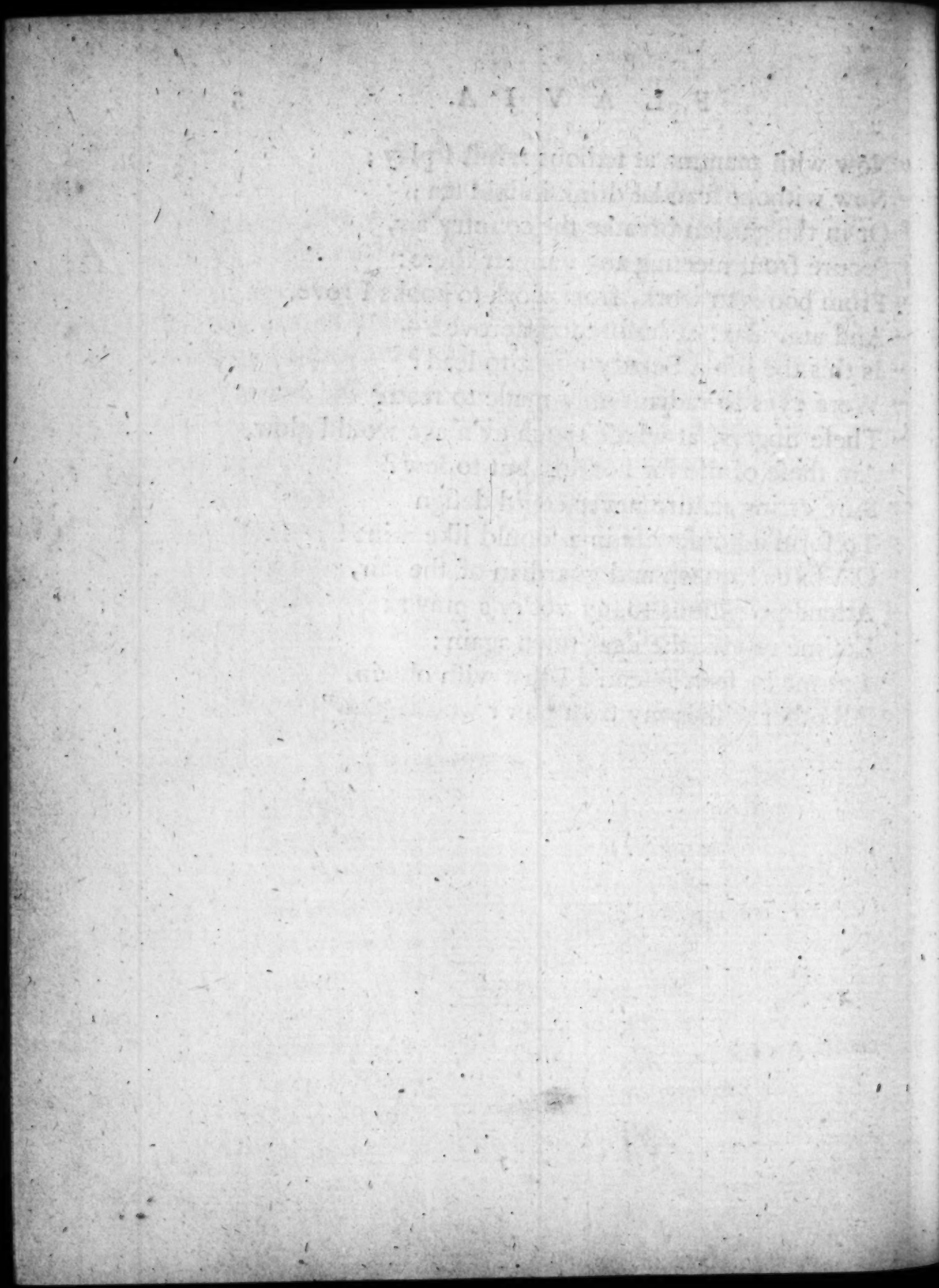
Beauty,

“ Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shewn ;
“ Both most are valu’d where they best are known.
“ With ev’ry grace of nature, or of art,
“ We cannot break one stubborn country heart :
“ The brutes, insensible, our pow’r defy :
“ To love exceeds a ‘Squire’s capacity.
“ The town, the court, is beauty’s proper sphere ;
“ That is our heav’n, and we are angels there :
“ In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,
“ The court of Britain is the court of Love.
“ How has my conscious heart with triumph glow’d,
“ How have my sparkling eyes their transport shew’d,
“ At each distinguish’d birth-night ball, to see
“ The homage due to empire, paid to me !
“ When ev’ry eye was fix’d on me alone,
“ And dreaded mine more than the monarch’s frown ;
“ When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
“ Less jealous in their pow’r, than in their love.
“ Chang’d is the scene ; and all my glories die,
“ Like flow’rs transplanted to a colder sky :
“ Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
“ The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
“ In stupid indolence my life is spent,
“ Supinely calm, and dully innocent :
“ Unblest I wear my useless time away ;
“ Sleep (wretched maid !) all night, and dream all day ;
“ Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer ;
“ For dulness must be ever regular.

“ Now

" Now with mamma at tedious whist I play ;
" Now without scandal drink insipid tea ;
" Or in the garden breathe the country air,
" Secure from meeting any tempter there :
" From books to work, from work to books I rove,
" And am, alas ! at leisure to improve !—
" Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead ?
" Were eyes so radiant only made to read ?
" These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would glow,
" Are these of use for nothing but to sew ?
" Sure erring nature never could design
" To form a housewife in a mould like mine !
" O VENUS ! queen and guardian of the fair,
" Attend propitious to thy vot'ry's pray'r :
" Let me re-visit the dear town again :
" Let me be seen !—cou'd I that wish obtain,
" All other wishes my own pow'r would gain."

} . . .







J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

THE GARLAND.

*when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past; —*

London, Publish'd March 1. 1787, by C. Taylor N^o 10. near Castle Street, Holborn.

T H E G A R L A N D.

TH E pride of every grove I chose,
 The violet sweet, and lily fair,
 The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
 Upon her brow the various wreath;
 The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day;
 And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
 That in her hair they look'd more gay
 Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at ev'ning when she found
 Their odours lost, their colours past;
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground
 Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropp'd sense distinct and clear,
 As any Muse's tongue can speak,
 When from its lid a pearly tear
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well;
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell,
That falling tear—What does it mean?

She sigh'd, she smil'd; and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
See! friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made!

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one:
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone!

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;
The am'rous youth around her bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung!
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud!

Such as she is, who dy'd to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.





PARENTAL FONDNESS.

was ever parent more content!

London, Publish'd March 2^d 1789, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Coffin Street Holborn.

PARENTAL FONDNESS:

THE MOTHER, NURSE, AND FAIRY.

GIVE me a son. The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content!
How partial are their doating eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.

Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The mother rose, and sought her heir.
She saw the Nurse, like one possess'd,
With wringing hands, and sobbing breast.

Sure some disaster has befall:
Speak, Nurse; I hope the boy is well.

Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Invisible the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.

B

Where

Where are the father's mouth and nose,
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?
See here, a shocking aukward creature,
That speaks a fool in ev'ry feature.

The woman's blind, the Mother cries;
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.

Lord! Madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.

Just as she spoke, a Pigmy Sprite
Pops through the key-hole, swift as light;
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands.

Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away,
For the dull helpless sons of clay!
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed.





C U D D Y.

I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee —

London, Publish'd June 1. 1788 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

MONDAY, THE 20TH OF APRIL.
LOBBIN CLOUT.

M O N D A Y.

OR,

T H E S Q U A B B L E.

By Mr. JOHN GAY.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, CUDDY, are but just awake,
No thrushes shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear,
Then why does CUDDY leave his cott so rear?

C U D D Y.

Ah! LOBBIN CLOUT, I ween my plight is guest,
For he that loves, a stranger is to rest;
If swains belye not thou hast prov'd the smart,
And BLOUZELINDA'S mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind;
Those arms are folded for thy BLOUZELIND:
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee BLOUZELINDA smites, BUXOMA me.

XXI.

LOBBIN

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah! BLOUZELIND, I love thee more by half,
 Than does their fawns, or cows the new fall'n calf:
 Woe worth the tongue, may blisters fore it gall,
 That names BUXOMA, BLOUZELIND withal.

CUDDY.

Hold, witless LOBBIN CLOUT, I thee advise,
 Lest blisters fore on thy own tongue arise.
 Lo, yonder CLODDIPOLE, the blithsome swain,
 The wisest lout of all the neighb'ring plain!
 From CLODDIPOLE we learnt to read the skies,
 To know when hail will fall or winds arise:
 He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,
 When stuck aloft, that show'rs would strait ensue:
 He first that useful secret did explain,
 That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain:
 When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
 He told us that the welkin would be clear.
 Let CLODDIPOLE then hear us twain rehearse,
 And praise his sweetheart, in alternate verse:
 I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
 That CLODDIPOLE shall give the prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco pouch that's lin'd with hair,
 Made of the skin of fleekest fallow-deer;
 This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
 I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

C U D D Y.

Begin thy carols, then, thou vaunting flouch,
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My BLOUZELINDA is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass,
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisie that beside her grows;
Fair is the gilliflow'r, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet;
But BLOUZELIND's than gilliflow'r more fair,
Than daisie, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

C U D D Y.

My brown BUXOMA is the feateft maid
That e'er at wake delightful gambol play'd;
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witlefs lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play deftest feats around;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like BUXOMA on the first of May.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when BLOUZELIND is near,
Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.
With

With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
 In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
 Come, BLOUZELINDA! ease thy swain's desire,
 My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

C U D D Y.

As with BUXOMA once I work'd at hay,
 Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
 And holidays, if happily she were gone,
 Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
 Eftsoons, O sweet-heart kind, my love repay,
 And all the year shall then be holiday.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

As BLOUZELINDA in a gamesome mood,
 Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
 I flyly ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,
 She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
 Believe me, CUDDY, while I'm bold to say,
 Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

C U D D Y.

As my BUXOMA, in a morning fair,
 With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
 I quaintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true,
 She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
 LOBBIN, I swear, believe who will my vows,
 Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cow's.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
 Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer;

Oats

Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of BLOUZELIND:
While she loves turnips butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe prize.

C U D D Y.

In good roast beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife;
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my BUXOMA's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

As once I play'd at Blindman's-buff, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt:
I mis'd the swains, and seiz'd on BLOUZELIND,
True speaks the ancient proverb, " Love is blind."

C U D D Y.

As at Hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown,
BUXOMA gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung ;
Now high, now low, my BLOUZELINDA swung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg and scarlet hose.

C U D D Y.

C U D D Y.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
 And myself pois'd against the tott'ring maid:
 High leapt the plank; adown BUXOMA fell;
 I spy'd—but faithful sweathearts never tell.

L O R R I N C L O U T.

This riddle, CUDDY, if thou canst, explain,
 This wily riddle puzzles every swain;
 What flower is that which bears the Virgin's name*,
 The richest metal joined with the same?

C U D D Y.

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
 I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight;
 What flower is that which royal honour craves,
 Adjoin the Virgin†, and 'tis strown on graves?

C L O D D I P O L E.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains;
 An oaken staff each merits for his pains.
 But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
 And gild the thatch of Goodman Hodges' barn.
 Your herds for want of water stand adry,
 They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

* Marygold.

† Rosemary.





J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor, sculp.

MARIAN

with thoughtful Love & pine?

London, Publish'd May 1st 1788, by C Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

TUESDAY: OR, THE DITTY.

TUESDAY.

OR,

THE DITTY.

By Mr. GAY.

MARIAN.

YOUNG COLIN CLOUT, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In ev'ry wood his carols sweet were known,
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew;
Or when aiant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of ev'ry maid,
But chief of MARIAN. MARIAN lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain.

XX.

MARIAN.

MARIAN, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
 Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow;
 Marbled with sage the hard'ning cheese she press'd,
 And yellow butter MARIAN's skill confess'd;
 But MARIAN now, devoid of country cares,
 Nor yellow butter nor sage-cheese prepares;
 For yearning love the witless maid employs,
 And love, say swains, all busy heed destroys.
 COLIN makes mock at all her piteous smart,
 A lass that CIC'LY hight had won his heart,
 CIC'LY, the western lass that tends the kee,
 The rival of the parson's maid was she,
 In dreary shade now MARIAN lies along,
 And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song:

Ah! woful day! ah woful noon and morn!
 When first by thee my younglings white were shorn,
 Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
 My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
 Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart;
 They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart.

Ah! COLIN! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true;
 What I have done for thee will CIC'LY do?

Will she thy linen wash or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?
Will she with hufewife's hand provide thy meat,
And ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.

Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new difasters in my look appear,
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known;
Our neighbours tell me oft' in joking talk
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of MARIAN they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine:
Yet COLIN CLOUT, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 'twas MARIAN's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry-make at night.
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care;
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.

TUESDAY, OR, THE DITTY.

In misling days when I my thresher heard,
 With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
 Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
 To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail:
 In harvest, when the sun was mounted high,
 My leathern bottle did thy drought supply;
 Whene'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
 And have full oft' been sun-burnt for thy sake:
 When in the welkin gathering show'rs were seen,
 I lagg'd the last with COLIN on the green;
 And when at eve returning with thy carr,
 Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far;
 Straight on the fire the footy pot I plac'd,
 To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste,
 When hungry thou stood'st staring, like an oaf,
 I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf,
 With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
 Ah! love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
 I, near yon' stile, three fallow gypsies met;
 Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
 Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;

They

TUESDAY: OR, THE DITTY. 5

They said that many crosses I must prove,
 Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
 Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
 And off the hedge two pinnars and a smock.
 I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
 And no mishaps could feel whilst thou wert kind:
 But since, alas! I grew my COLIN's scorn,
 I've known no pleasure night, or noon, or morn.
 Help me, ye gypsies! bring him home again,
 And to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have not I sate with thee full many a night,
 When dying embers were our only light,
 When ev'ry creature did in slumbers lie,
 Besides our cat, my COLIN CLOUT and I?
 No troublous thoughts the cat or COLIN move,
 While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, COLIN, when at last year's wake
 I bought the costly present for thy sake,
 Couldst thou spell o'er the posie on thy knife,
 And with another change thy state of life?
 If thou forgett'st, I wot, I can repeat,
 My memory can tell the verse so sweet.

As

As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
 So is thy image on this heart of mine.
 But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
 For knives, they tell me, always sever love.

I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
 And no mishaps could feel whilst thou wert kind:

But since, alas! I grew my Corin's scorn,
 I've known no pleasure night or noon or morn.

Help me, ye gypsies! bring him home again,
 And to a constant life give back her twin.

Have not I lain with thee full many a night,

When dying embers were our only light?

When every creature did in slumbers lie,

Belides our cot my Corin Court and I?

No wonder: 'twas against the cot or Corin move,

Which alone we kept warm by love.

Remember, Corin, when at last you wake

I bought the costly present for thy sake,

Couldst thou sell o'er the pole on thy knife,

And with another change thy fate of life?

If thou forget'st, I wot, I can repeat,

My memory can tell the verse to sweet.





J. Sholley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

SPARABELLA.

pensive and forlorn
Lean'd on her rake

London, Publish'd April 2. 1787 by C. Taylor N^o. 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

WEDNESDAY: OR, THE DUMPS.

A PASTORAL.

By Mr. G A Y.

SPARABELLA.

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that SPARABELLA hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note.
No magpye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray;
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung:

Awhile, O D'URFEY! lend an air or twain,
Nor, tho' in homely guise, my verse disdain;
Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
Whether the Muse does at Newmarket run,

Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
 And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
 Or else at wakes with JOAN and HODGE rejoice,
 Where D'URFEY's lyrics swell in ev'ry voice;
 Yet suffer me, thou bard of wondrous meed,
 Amid thy bays, to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
 And oxen laid at rest forget the goad;
 The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade,
 Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;
 When SPARABELLA, pensive and forlorn,
 Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
 Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
 Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise:

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
 From SPARABELLA BUMKINET is fled;
 The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,
 Last Sunday happier CLUMSILIS put on:
 Sure if he had eyes (but Love, they say, has none),
 I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
 Ah! well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,
 For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Shall

Shall heavy CLUMSILIS with me compare?
View this, ye Lovers! and like me despair,
Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne;
The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would strait go sour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's power:
No hufwifery the dowdy creature knew;
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

I've often seen my visage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homeliest make.
Tho' CLUMSILIS may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black floe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,
While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet she, alas! the wileful lout has won,
And by her gain poor SPARABELL's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite;
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the waddling goose,

For

For Love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
'The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
And speckled mackerels graze the meadows fair;
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
And the slow as on trees, like squirrels, play;
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
When late I met the 'Squire in yonder wood!
To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took;
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick in liv'ry strip'd with lace,
Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee;
For what is gold or lace compar'd to thee?

My

WEDNESDAY: OR, THE DUMPS.

3

My plaint, ye Lasses ! with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Now plain I ken whence Love his rise begun ;
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son,
Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,
Erst taught him mischief and to sport with pain.
The father only silly sheep annoys,
The son the fillier shepherds destroys.
Does son or father greater mischief do ?
The fire is cruel, so the son is too.

My plaint, ye Lasses ! with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Farewel, ye Woods ! ye Meads ! ye Streams that flow !
A sudden death shall rid me of my wo.
This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.
What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd !
No—To some tree this carcase I'll suspend :
But worrying curs find such untimely end !
I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That stool, the dread of every scolding quean ;
Yet sure a lover should not die so mean !
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Tho' all the parish say I've lost my wits ;

And

And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,
And quench my passion in the lake below.

Ye Lasses! cease your burthen; cease to moan,
And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.

The sun was set: the night came on apace,
And falling dew bewet around the place,
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And, till to-morrow comes, defers her fate.





J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

The SPELL.

*This hempseed with my Virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be the crop shall mow.*

London, Publish'd May 1. 1788, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

THURSDAY, OR, THE SPELL.

When first the Year I heard the Cuckoo sing,
And call with welcome Note the budding Spring,
I thought how much I should have loved to see
The Year that won the Smock scarce run to see;
Till spent for Lack of Bread, quite weary grown
Upon a rising Bank I sat alone,
Then did my Eyes, and by my Tears I saw
The Year I joy'd the yellow flaxen hair
As like to LUBBERKIN's in Coat and Hue,
As if upon his country I had grown.

OR,
THE SPELL.

By Mr. JOHN GAY.

HOBNELIA.

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary Vale,
In pensive Mood rehears'd her piteous Tale,
Her piteous Tale the Winds in Sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers Groan for Groan.

I rue the Day, a rueful Day I trow,
The woful Day, a Day indeed of Woe!
When LUBBERKIN to Town his cattle drove,
A Maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The Maiden fine bedight his Love retains,
And for the Village he forsakes the Plains.
Return, my LUBBERKIN! these Ditties hear,
Spells will I try, and Spells shall ease my Care.

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

When first the Year I heard the Cuckoo sing,
 And call with welcome Note the budding Spring,
 I straightway set a running with such Haste,
 DEB'RAH that won the Smock scarce ran so fast;
 Till spent for Lack of Breath, quite weary grown,
 Upon a rising Bank I sat adown,
 Then doff'd my Shoe, and, by my Troth, I swear,
 Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled Hair,
 As like to LUBBERKIN's in Curl and Hue,
 As if upon his comely Pate it grew.

With my sharp Heel I three times mark the Ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

At Eve last Midsummer no Sleep I sought,
 But to the Field a Bag of Hempseed brought;
 I scatter'd round the Seed on every side,
 And three Times in a trembling Accent cry'd,
 This Hempseed with my Virgin Hand I sow,
 Who shall my True-love be the Crop shall mow.
 I straight look'd back, and if my Eyes speak Truth,
 With his keen Scythe behind me came the Youth.

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last Valentine, the Day when Birds of Kind
 Their Paramours with mutual Chirpings find,
 I nearly rose, just at the Break of Day,
 Before the Sun had chas'd the Stars away;

.XX A-field

A-field I went, amid the Morning Dew,
 To milk my Kine (for so should Hufwives do)
 Thee first I spy'd ; and the first Swain we see,
 In Spite of Fortune, shall our True-love be.
 See, LUBBERKIN ! each Bird his Partner take,
 And canst thou then thy Sweetheart dear forsake ?

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last May-day Fair I search'd to find a Snail
 That might my secret Lover's Name reveal ;
 Upon a Gooseberry-bush a Snail I found,
 For always Snails near sweetest Fruit abound.
 I seiz'd the Vermine, Home I quickly sped,
 And on the Hearth the Milk-white Embers spread ;
 Slow crawl'd the Snail, and if I right can spell,
 In the soft Ashes mark'd a curious L :
 Oh ! may this wondrous Omen lucky prove !
 For L is found in LUBBERKIN and Love.

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Two Hazel-nuts I threw into the Flame,
 And to each Nut I gave a Sweetheart's Name :
 This with the loudest Bounce me sore amaz'd,
 That in a Flame of brightest Colour blaz'd.
 As blaz'd the Nut so may thy Passion grow,
 For 'twas thy Nut that did so brightly glow.

With

4 THURSDAY: OR, THE SPELL.

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As Peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the Door the Spell in Secret laid ;
My Wheel I turn'd, and sung a Ballad new,
While from the Spindle I the Fleeces drew ;
The Latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
But, in his proper Person,—LUBBERKIN.
I broke my Yarn, surpris'd the Sight to see,
Sure Sign that he would break his Word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted Slight ;
So may again his Love with mine unite !

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This Lady-fly I take from off the Grass,
Whose spotted Back might Scarlet red surpass.
Fly, Lady-bird, North, South, or East, or West,
Fly where the Man is found that I love best.
He leaves my Hand ; see to the West he's flown,
To call my True-love from the faithless Town.

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This

This mellow Pippin which I pare around,
 My Shepherd's Name shall flourish on the Ground:
 I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my Head,
 Upon the Grass a perfect *L* is read;
 Yet on my Heart a fairer *L* is seen
 Than what the paring marks upon the Green.

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This Pippin shall another Trial make;
 See from the Core two Kernels brown I take;
 This on my Cheek for LUBBERKIN is worn,
 And BOOBYCLOD on t'other Side is borne:
 But BOOBYCLOD soon drops upon the Ground,
 A certain Token that his Love's unsound,
 While LUBBERKIN sticks firmly to the last;
 Oh! were his Lips to mine but join'd so fast!

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As LUBBERKIN once slept beneath a Tree,
 I twitch'd his dangling Garter from his Knee;
 He wist not when the hempen String I drew;
 Now mine I quickly doff of inkle Blue;
 Together fast I tye the Garters twain,
 And while I knit the Knot repeat this Strain;
 Threes Times a True-love's Knot I tie secure,
 Firm be the Knot, firm may his Love endure!

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As I was wont, I trudg'd last Market-day
To Town, with new-laid Eggs preserv'd in Hay.
I made my Market long before 'twas Night,
My Purse grew heavy, and my Basket light.
Straight to the 'Pothecary's Shop I went,
And in Love-powder all my Money spent;
Behap what will, next Sunday after Prayers,
When to the Alehouse LUBBERKIN repairs,
These golden Flies into his Mug I'll throw,
And soon the Swain with fervent Love shall glow.

With my sharp Heel I three Times mark the Ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

But hold — our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his Ears,
O'er yonder Stile see LUBBERKIN appears.
He comes! he comes! HOBNELIA's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she, crown'd with Willow, die a Maid.
He vows, he fwears, he'll give me a green Gown;
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!





J. Shelley pinx.

W. Nutter sculp.

GRUBBINOL.

woe is me our Blouzelind is dead.

London, Published July 1, 1768 by C. Taylor N^o 20 near Castle Street, Holborn.

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F R I D A Y:

T H E D I R G E.

By MR. JOHN GAY.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, GRUBBINOL, dost thou so wistful seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.

'Tis true, yon' oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn;
Yet even this season pleasance blithe affords;
Now the squeez'd prefs foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
Let cyder new wash sorrow from thy soul.

GRUB. Ah! BUMKINET! since thou from hence wert gone,
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
Should I reveal my grief, 'twould spoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMK. Hang sorrow! let's to yonder hut repair,
And with trim sonnets cast away our care.

GILLIAN of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
 Thou sing'st most sweet "O'er hills and far away."
 Of PATIENT GRISSEL I devise to sing,
 And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring.
 Come, GRUBBINOL! beneath this shelter come,
 From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUB. Yes, blithsome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
 But with my woe shall distant vallies ring;
 The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
 For woe is me!—our BLOUZELIND is dead.

BUMK. Is BLOUZELINDA dead? farewell, my glee!
 No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
 As the wood pigeon coos without his mate,
 So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.
 Of BLOUZELINDA fair I mean to tell,
 The peerless maid that did all maids excel.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
 And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;
 The rolling streams with wat'ry grief shall flow,
 And winds shall moan aloud---when loud they blow.
 Henceforth, as oft' as autumn shall return,
 The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn;
 This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
 For 'twas in autumn BLOUZELINDA dy'd.

Where'er I gad, I BLOUZELIND shall view,
 Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew.
 When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
 Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
 Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
 When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;

There

FRIDAY: OR, THE DIRGE.

3

There I remember how her faggots large
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay,
Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espy,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spongy curds the milky stream,
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door:
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine! in grunting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand:
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their **BLOUZELIND**.

Whenever by yon' barley-mow I pass,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.

I pitch'd

FRIDAY: OR, THE DIRGE.

I pitch'd the sheaves (oh! could I do so now)
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd:
Ah! BLOUZELIND! that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields! and rueful symptoms show,
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
Let weeds instead of butter-flowers appear,
And meads instead of daisies hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
For BLOUZELINDA, blithsome maid! is dead.
Lament, ye swains! and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone;
" Here BLOUZELINDA lies—Alas, alas!
" Weep, shepherds!—and remember flesh is grafs."

GRUB. Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,
Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
Yet BLOUZELINDA's name shall tune my lay;
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye,

When BLOUZELIND expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd:
The boding raven on her cottage fate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;

The

FRIDAY: OR, THE DIRGE.

The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate?
While on her darling's bed her mother fate,
These words the dying BLOUZELINDA spoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke:

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed;
Be these my sister's care---and ev'ry morn
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet, ere I die---see, Mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf.
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid:

The rest is your's---My spinning-wheel and rake
Let SUSAN keep for her dear sister's sake:
My new straw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,
Let PEGGY wear, for she's a damsel clean:
My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
Be GRUBBINOL's---this silver ring beside:

Three silver pennies and a nine-pence bent,
A token kind, to BUMKINET be sent.
Thus spoke the maiden, while the mother cry'd,
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd:

To show their love, the neighbours far and near
Follow'd, with wistful look, the damsel's bier,
Prigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the parson walk'd before.

Upon

Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butter-flow'r, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next,
He said that Heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise---quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung;
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.
Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm:
For Gaffer TREADWELL told us by the bye,
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft stroaking milk the cow;
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
So long shall swains tell BLOUZELINDA's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
Till bonny SUSAN sped across the plain:
They seiz'd the lass, in apron clean array'd,
And to the alehouse forc'd the willing maid,
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And SUSAN BLOUZELINDA's loss repairs.





J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

BOWZYBEUS.

Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,

London, Publish'd July 1, 1788, by C. Taylor A^o near Castle Street, Holborn.

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SATURDAY:

OR,

THE FLIGHTS.

By MR. JOHN GAY.

BOWZYBEUS.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic muse! prepare;
Forget a-while the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
With BowzyBEUS' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide thro' the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter-plough.
To the near hedge young SUSAN steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd;

Whate'er

Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
 And merry reapers what they list will ween.
 Soon she rose up, and cry'd, with voice so shrill,
 That Echo answer'd from the distant hill;
 The youths and damsels ran to SUSAN's aid,
 Who thought some adder had the last dismay'd.

When fast asleep they BOWZYBEUS spy'd,
 His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
 That BOWZYBEUS who could sweetly sing,
 Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
 That BOWZYBEUS who with fingers' speed
 Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
 That BOWZYBEUS who with jocund tongue,
 Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung.
 They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
 And in disport surround the drunken wight.

Ah! BOWZYBEE, why didst thou stay so long?
 The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
 Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night,
 But thou sat'st toying till the morning light.

CIC'LY, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
 And kiss'd, with smacking lip, the snoring lout;
 For custom says, whoe'er this venture proves,
 For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.
 By her example DORCAS bolder grows,
 And plays a tickling straw within his nose.

He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering swains with stamm'ring speech bespoke,
To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er;
As for the maids—I've something else in store.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng,
Not ballad-finger plac'd above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
Like BOWZYBEUS fooths th' attentive ear.

Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun;
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night:
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing coleworts upward grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs:
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail:
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed:
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend:
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep:
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose:

For

For huntsmen, by their long experience, find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose:
How pedlars' stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid:
Long filken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine:
How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissars spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes:
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won and rings of gold:
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song:
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
Jack-Pudding, in his party-colour'd jacket,
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet:
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.

Then sad he sung The Children in the Wood;
Ah! barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glitt'ring faulchion smil'd:
Their little corpse the robin-red-breasts found,
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.

Ah!

Ah! gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom JOAN he sung the doubtful strife,
How the fly sailor made the maid a wife.

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woful wars in Chevy-chace befell,
When Piercy drove the deer with hound and horn,
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!
Ah! With'rington! more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the Squire who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

All in the land of Essex next he chaunts,
How to sleek mares starch Quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother stood on bank so green;
Happy for him if mares had never been!

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot,
Lilly-bullero, and the Irish Trot.
Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,
Or Wantley's dragon slain by valiant Moore;
The bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,
And how the grass now grows where Troy town stood?

His carols ceas'd; the listening maids and swains
 Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
 Sudden he rose, and as he reels along,
 Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
 The damsels laughing fly; the giddy clown
 Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;
 The pow'r that guards the drunk his sleep attends,
 Till ruddy like his face the sun descends.





Shelley pinxt.

Taylor sculp.

SELIM.

By Tigris' wandring waves he sat and sung.

London, Published Feb^y. 1788 by C. Taylor N^o 20 near Castle Street Holborn.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

By Mr. COLLINS.

MORNING.

YE Persian Maids ! attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are blest whom Fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.

Thus SELIM sung, by sacred truth inspir'd,
Nor praise but such as truth bestow'd desir'd:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd-maid,

Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When, sweet and blushing like a virgin bride, R O
The radiant Morn resum'd her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their sweets away,
By Tigris' wand'ring waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young:

"Ye Persian Dames!" he said, "to you belong
" (Well may they please!) the morals of my song:
" No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
" Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
" The Morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
" Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes:
" For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands bestow,
" And yours the love that kings delight to know:
" Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
" The best kind blessings Heav'n can grant the fair.
" Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
" Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display;
" Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
" But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.
" Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
" By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
" Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain
" That Love shall blind when once he fires the swain;

" Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
" As spots on ermine beautify the skin,
" Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
" Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;
" Each tender passion man delights to find,
" The lov'd perfections of a female mind.

" Bless'd were the days when WISDOM held her reign,
" And shepherds sought her on the silent plain ;
" With TRUTH she wedded in the secret grove,
" Immortal TRUTH ! and daughters bless'd their love.

" O haste, fair Maids ! ye Virtues ! come away,
" Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !
" The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
" By Ind' excell'd or Araby no more.

" Lost to our fields, for so the Fates ordain,
" The dear deserters shall return again.
" Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear ;
" To lead the train, sweet MODESTY ! appear :
" Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
" And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen.
" With thee be CHASTITY, of all afraid,
" Distrusting all, a wise, suspicious maid ;
" But man the most—not more the mountain doe
" Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
" Cold is her breast, like flow'rs that drink the dew,
" A filken veil conceals her from the view.

" No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
 " But FAITH, whose heart is fix'd on one alone;
 " Desponding MEEKNESS, with her downcast eyes,
 " And friendly PITY, full of tender sighs;
 " And LOVE the last: by these your hearts approve;
 " These are the Virtues that must lead to love."

Thus sung the swain, and ancient legends say
 The maids of Bagdat verify'd the lay.
 Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
 The shepherds lov'd, and SELIM bless'd his song.





J. Shelley pinx.

W. Birch sculp.

SE C A N D E R .

Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way!

London. Publish'd April 1. 1788, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

By Mr. COLLINS.

MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And past in radiance thro' the cloudless sky,
Sad o'er the dew's two brother shepherds fled,
Where wild'ring Fear and desp'rate Sorrow led:
Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
Wild ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran;
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib! for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.

XVIII.

R

Friend

Friend of my heart! O turn thee and survey, .
 Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way!
 And first review that long-extended plain,
 And yon' wide groves, already past with pain:
 Yon' rugged cliff, whose dangerous path we try'd;
 And last, this lofty mountain's weary side.

A G I B.

Weak as thou art, yet, hapless! must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe.
 Still as I haste the Tartar shouts behind,
 And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd'ning wind:
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests and deforms our land.
 Yon' citron grove, when first in fear we came,
 Droops its fair honours to the conq'ring flame:
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

S E C A N D E R.

Unhappy Land! whose blessings tempt the sword;
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian Lord!
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd and protect the maid!
 Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind;
 Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

A C I B.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
 Have lent the monarch oft' a cool retreat.
 Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flow'ry plain,
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargis' banks or Irwan's shady grove;
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale:
 Fair Scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possess'd,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty bless'd:
 No more the shepherds' whitening tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd,
 But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

S E C A N D E R.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves;
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
 Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair:
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

A C I B.

Ye Georgian Swains! that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war,

Some

Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare
To shield your harvests, and defend your fair;
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab! as he prowls for prey,
Oft' marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd;
Th' affrighted shepherds thro' the dews of night
Wide o'er the moonlight hills renew'd their flight.





H A S S A N.

What if the Lion in his rage I meet,—

London, Publish'd Feb. 1. 1788, by C. Taylor N^o. 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES,

By MR. COLLINS,

N O O N.

I N silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver HASSAN with his camels pass'd;
One cuse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desprate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
" When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

No. XXXII. 10 EPI.

" Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
 " The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
 " Bethink thee, HASSAN! where shall Thirst assuage,
 " When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
 " Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
 " Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

" Ye mute Companions of my toils, that bear
 " In all my griefs a more than equal share!
 " Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
 " Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
 " In vain ye hope the green delights to know
 " Which plains more blest'd or verdant vales bestow;
 " Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
 " And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

" Curs'd be the gold and silver which persuade
 " Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
 " The lily peace outshines the silver store,
 " And life is dearer than the golden ore;
 " Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown
 " To ev'ry distant mart and wealthy town:
 " Full oft' we tempt the land, and oft' the sea;
 " And are we only yet repaid by thee?
 " Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
 " Or why fond man so easily betray'd?

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES

- " Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
 " The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
 " Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
 " The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;
 " Why think we these less pleasing to behold
 " Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
 " O cease, my fears!—All frantic as I go,
 " When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
 " What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
 " Oft' in the dust I view his printed feet;
 " And fearful oft', when Day's declining light
 " Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
 " By hunger rous'd he scours the groaning plain,
 " Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
 " Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
 " Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
 " At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 " If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
 " Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
 " And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
 " Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
 " From lust of wealth and dread of death secure!

" They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
 " Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind;
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
 " O, hapless Youth! for she thy love hath won,
 " Thy tender ZARA! will be most undone,
 " Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
 " When fast she dropp'd her tears, as thus she said;
 " Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
 " Whom ZARA's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
 " Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
 " Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs:
 " Safe o'er the wild no perils may'st thou see,
 " No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth! like me,
 " O! let me safely to the fair return,
 " Say with a kiss she must not, shall not, mourn;
 " O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 " Recall'd by Wisdom's voice and ZARA's tears."

He said, and call'd on Heav'n to bless the day
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.



ZARA.

— *fast drop'd her tears* —

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A B R A

Oft as she went she backward turn'd her view,

London, Publish'd March 1st 1788, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

O R I E N T A L E C L O G U E S,

By Mr. COLLINS.

E V E N I N G.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen
In distant view along the level green,
While ev'ning dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day,
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove
EMYRA sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of ABRA first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead
Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.

XVIII.

Deep

Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
 A various wreath of od'rous flowers she made;
 Gay motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
 The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;
 All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there;
 The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great ABBAS chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
 By love conducted from the chase away;
 Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
 And sought the vales and echoing groves among:
 At length he found and woo'd the rural maid;
 She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
 "Be every youth like royal ABBAS mov'd,
 "And every Georgian maid like ABRA lov'd!"

The royal lover bore her from the plain,
 Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
 Oft' as she went she backward turn'd her view,
 And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
 Fair happy Maid! to other scenes remove,
 To richer scenes of golden power and love!
 Go leave the simple pipe and shepherd's strain;
 With love delight thee, and with ABBAS reign.
 "Be every youth like royal ABBAS mov'd,
 "And every Georgian maid like ABRA lov'd!"

Yet

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
 On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
 Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
 To the sweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd;
 And oft' as Spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
 Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant Hours,
 With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
 The breezy mountains and the forests green.
 Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
 Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:
 Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung;
 With joy the mountain and the forest rung.
 "Be every youth like royal ABBAS mov'd,
 "And every Georgian maid like ABRA lov'd!"

And oft' the royal lover left the care
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
 Oft' to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
 Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd.
 A russet mantle like a swain he wore,
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.
 "Be every youth like royal ABBAS mov'd,
 "And every Georgian maid like ABRA lov'd."

Blest was the life that royal ABBAS led;
 Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
 What if in wealth the noble maid excel?
 The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.

Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreath like ABBAS, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maids around her say;
O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
" Be every youth like royal ABBAS mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like ABRA lov'd!"



ABBAS.

The royal lover bore her from the plain.

London Published March 2, 1788, by C. Taylor N^o 20 near Castle Street, Holborn.



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W

S U M M E R,

A P A S T O R A L.

By Mr. P O P E.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
There while he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O GARTH, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of Ivy to thy Bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus, not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?

X.

I

The

The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
 They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
 The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
 While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
 While your ALEXIS pines in hopeless love?
 In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
 Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
 As in the crystal spring I view my face,
 Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
 But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
 I shun the fountains which I sought before.
 Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
 And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
 Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
 To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
 Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces share:
 But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
 Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
 That flute is mine which COLIN's tuneful breath
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
 He said; ALEXIS, take this pipe, the same
 That taught the groves my ROSALINDA's name:
 But now the reed shall hang on yonder tree,
 For ever silent since despis'd by thee.
 Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
 The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!

Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives, enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and PAN applauds the song;
The Nymphs forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring;
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elyzium here.
In woods bright VENUS with ADONIS stray'd,
And chaste DIANA haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn, their thanks to CERES yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your ALEXIS knows no sweet but you.
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;

Where'er

Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
 Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
 Your praise the birds shall chaunt in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.
 But would you sing, and rival ORPHEUS' strain,
 The wond'ring forest soon should dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
 And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
 But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
 The lowing herds to murmur'ing brooks retreat,
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
 Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
 On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

S P R I N G,

A PASTORAL.

By Mr. P O P E.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains :
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing ;
Let vernal airs thro' trembling osiers play,
And ALBION's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You*, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost !
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre :
So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But, charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aerial audience clap their wings.

No. XI.

K

Soon

* Sir William Trumbull.

Soon as the flocks shook off their nightly dews,
 Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
 Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
 Thus DAPHNIS spoke, and STREPHON thus reply'd:

D A P H N I S.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day!
 Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
 Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
 And lavish nature paints the purple year?

S T R E P H O N.

Sing then, and DAMON shall attend the strain,
 While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
 Here on green banks the blushing vi'lets glow;
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

D A P H N I S.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
 Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rolling year;

And





J. Shelley pinx.

J. Osborne sculp.

DE L I A.

Then hid, in Shades, eludes her eager swain.

London, Publish'd Aug: 1. 1787 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous order lie?

D A M O N.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

S T R E P H O N.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my DELIA's praise,
With WALLER's strains, or GRANVILLE's moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

D A P H N I S.

O Love! for SYLVIA me let gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

S T R E P H O N.

Me gentle DELIA beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me seach around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

D A P H -

S P R I N G.

D A P H N I S.

The sprightly SYLVIA trips along the green,
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
 While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
 How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

S T R E P H O N.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
 And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
 Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
 Feed here, my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

D A P H N I S.

Celestial VENUS haunts Idalia's groves;
 DIANA Cynthus, CERES Hybla loves;
 If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
 Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

S T R E P H O N.

All nature mourns, the skies lament in show'rs,
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
 If DELIA smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

D A P H N I S.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
 The Sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;



SYLVIA.

She runs, but hopes She does not run unseen.

London, Publish'd Aug: 1787 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.



If SYLVIA smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

S T R E P H O N.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But DELIA always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

D A P H N I S.

SYLVIA's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But, blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

S T R E P H O N.

Say, shepherd, say, in what glad soil appears
A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears?
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy SYLVIA's eyes.

D A P H N I S.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields?
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For SYLVIA, charming SYLVIA, shall be thine.

D A M O N.

D A M O N.

Cease to contend, for, DAPHNIS, I decree
The bowl to STREPHON, and the lamb to thee :
Blest Swains, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel,
Blest Nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well !
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs ;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see ! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.





DORIS.

— with Garlands hung the bending boughs.

London, Publish'd Sep^r. 1787 by C. Taylor N^o. 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

AUTUMN,

A PASTORAL.

By Mr. POPE.

BENEATH the shade a spreading Beech displays,
HYLAS and ÆGON sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
And DELIA'S name and DORIS fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
HYLAS and ÆGON'S rural lays I sing.

Thou *, whom the Nine with PLAUTUS' wit inspire,
The art of TERENCE, and MENANDER'S fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh, skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful HYLAS with melodious moan
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

* Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 To DELIA's ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
 Thus, far from DELIA, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 For her, the feather'd choirs neglect their song;
 For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
 For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
 Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my DELIA's stay;
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
 What have I said? where'er my DELIA flies,
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
 Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,

Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming, as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, DELIA, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of DELIA sounds,
DELIA, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my DELIA kind?
She comes, my DELIA comes!—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next ÆGON sung, while Windsor groves admir'd,
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourself inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd DORIS, dying I complain:
Here where the mountains less'ning as they rise
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,

Now

Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
 And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
 Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
 Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey"—
 Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep?
 PAN came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
 What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
 And is there magic but what dwells in love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
 I'll fly from shepherds; flocks, and flow'ry plains.—
 From shepherds, flocks and plains, I may remove,
 Forfake mankind, and all the world—but love!
 I know thee, Love! wild as the raging main,
 More fell than tygers on the Lybian plain:
 Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 Farewell, ye woods! adieu the light of day!
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains.
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!.

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
 And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.





J. Shelley pinx.

J. Ophorne sculp.

ALEXIS.

A Shepherd's boy, he seeks no better name —

London, Published July 2: 1787 by C. Taylor, N^o 10, near Castle Street, Holborn.

W I N T E R,

A P A S T O R A L.

By Mr. P O P E.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of DAPHNE's fate, and DAPHNE's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet ALEXIS' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

XIII.

*L

LYCIDAS.

2 WINTER, A PASTORAL.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of thy field.
Begin; this charge the dying DAPHNE gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses leave your crystal spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when ADONIS dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

"Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
"Fair DAPHNE's dead, and love is now no more!"

'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay;
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah what avail the beauties nature wore?

Fair DAPHNE's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her, the flocks refuse their verdant food,
Nor thirsty heifers seek the gliding flood.
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;

In

WINTER, A PASTORAL.

3

In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies,
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
Now DAPHNE's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dew's descend from ev'ning skies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store;
Fair DAPHNE's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while DAPHNE sings,
Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;
No more the nightingales repeat her lays,
Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair DAPHNE's dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
DAPHNE, our grief! our glory now no more!

WINTER, A PASTORAL.

But see! where DAPHNE wond'ring mounts on high,
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
 Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
 There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
 Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
 Behold us kindly who your name implore,
 DAPHNE, our goddess, and our grief no more!

L Y C I D A S.

How all things listen, while thy muse complains!
 Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
 In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
 Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
 To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
 If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
 While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
 Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live.

T H Y R S I S.

See pale Orion sheds unwholesome dews,
 Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
 Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
 Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
 Adieu ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,
 Adieu ye shepherd's rural lays and loves;
 Adieu my flocks, farewell ye sylvan crew,
 DAPHNE farewell, and all the world adieu!





Shelley pins.

Taylor sculp.

STELLA.

— through the wasted plain,
Stern Winter, is thy force confess'd —

London, Published Jan'y 3, 1788, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

THE WINTER WALK

W I N T E R S W A L K

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.



BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise ;
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies !

Nor only through the wasted plain,
Stern Winter, is thy force confess'd ;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening hope and fond desire
Resign the heart to spleen and care,
Scarce frightened love maintains her fire,
And rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope and causeless fear,
Unhappy man ! behold thy doom,
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd

Tir'd with vain joys and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife,
Snatch me, my STELLA, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.





GRAY'S ELEGY.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting Day—

London, Publish'd Dec: 1st 1787. by C. Taylor N^o 20 near Castle Street, Holborn.

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

By Mr. GRAY.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

XV,

A

Beneath

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,

Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kisses to share.
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,

Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
 Let not ambition mock their useful toil,

Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour:

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
 Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?
 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.
 But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
 Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
 Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,
 Their lot forbad; nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.
 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
 Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
 Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.
 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?
 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.
 For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,





J. Shelley pinx.

L. Ogborne sculp.

The HOARY-HEADED SWAIN .

Approach, and read, —

London, Publish'd by C. Taylor N.º 20 near Castle Street, Holborn, Dec: 1787.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 ' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
 ' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 ' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 ' His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 ' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
 ' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ' Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
 ' Now drooping, woeful man, like one forlorn,
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
 ' One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 ' Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
 ' Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 ' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
 ' The next with dirges due in sad array
 ' Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
 ' Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 ' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend,
 Nor farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God,

II.
ALEXANDER'S FEAST,

An ODE for St. CECILIA'S DAY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,

By PHILIP'S warlike son:

Aloft in awful state

The god-like hero sat

On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were plac'd around;

Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,

(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)

The lovely THAIS by his side,

Sate like a blooming eastern bride

In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

TIMOTHEUS plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heav'nly joys inspire.
 The song began from **Jove** ;
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty love !)
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God :
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
 When he to fair **OLYMPIA** press'd,
 And while he sought her snowy breast :
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound ;
 A present deity, they shout around,
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of **BACCHUS** then, the sweet musician sung ;
 Of **BACCHUS** ever fair, and ever young :
 The jolly God in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums :
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shews his honest face,

Now



J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

TIMOTHEUS.

His Song began from Jove,—

London, Publish'd Nov. 5. 1788 by C. Taylor. N^o 20 near Castle Street, Holborn.



Now gives the hautboys breath ; He comes, he comes.

BACCHUS, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain :
BACCHUS' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse :

He sung DARIUS great and good,

By too severe a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,

Fall'n from his high estate,

And weltring in his blood :

Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

With

With down-cast looks the joyless victor fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And, now and then a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble.
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying,
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying.
 Lovely THAIS fits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So love was crown'd, but musick won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep afunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has rais'd up his head,

As awak'd from the dead,

And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, TIMOTHEUS cries,

See the Furies arise,

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand;

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,

And unbury'd remain

Inglorious on the plain;

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glitt'ring temples of their hostile Gods!

The

The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy ;
 THAIS led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another HELEN, fired another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute ;
 TIMOTHEUS to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine CECILIA came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old TIMOTHEUS yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown :
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.



ST CECILIA.

She drew an Angel down.

London, Published Nov: 1, 1788 by C. Taylor N: 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.



PLUTUS, CUPID, AND TIME.

OF all the burthens man must bear,
Time seems most galling and severe;
Beneath this grievous load oppress'd,
We daily meet some friend distress'd.

What can one do? I rose at nine;
'Tis full six hours before we dine:
Six hours! no earthly thing to do!
Would I had doz'd in bed till two.

A pamphlet is before him spread,
And almost half a page is read;
Tir'd with the study of the day,
The flutt'ring sheets are toss'd away.
He opes his snuff-box, hums an air,
Then yawns and stretches in his chair.

Not twenty, by the minute hand!
Good Gods! says he, my watch must stand!
How muddling 'tis on books to pore!
I thought I'd read an hour or more.
The morning, of all hours, I hate.
One can't contrive to rise too late.

To make the minutes faster run,
Then, too, his tiresome self to shun,

To the next coffee-house he speeds,
 Takes up the news, some scraps he reads.
 Saunt'ring, from chair to chair he trails;
 Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails.
 He spies a partner of his woe;
 By chat afflictions lighter grow;
 Each other's grievances they share,
 And thus their dreadful hours compare.

Says TOM, Since all men must confess,
 That Time lies heavy, more or less,
 Why should it be so hard to get,
 Till two, a party at Piquet?
 Play might relieve the lagging morn:
 By cards long wintry nights are borne.
 Does not Quadrille amuse the fair,
 Night after night, throughout the year?
 Vapours and spleen forgot, at play
 They cheat uncounted hours away.

My case, says WILL, then must be hard,
 By want of skill from play debarr'd.
 Courtiers kill Time by various ways;
 Dependance wears out half their days.
 How happy these, whose Time ne'er stands!
 Attendance takes it off their hands.
 Were it not for this cursed show'r,
 The Park had whil'd away an hour.
 At court, without or place or view,
 I daily lose an hour or two.
 It fully answers my design,
 When I have pick'd up friends to dine;

The tavern makes our burden light;
Wine puts our time and care to flight.
At fix (hard case!) they call to pay:
Where can one go? I hate the play.
From fix till ten! unless in sleep,
One cannot spend the hours so cheap.
The comedy's no sooner done,
But some assembly is begun;
Loit'ring from room to room I stray,
Converse, but nothing hear or say:
Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam.
So soon! I dread the thoughts of home.
From thence, to quicken slow-pac'd Night,
Again my tavern friends invite:
Here, too, our early mornings pass,
Till drowsy sleep retard the glass.

Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each other's case their own.

Consider, Friends, no hour rolls on
But something of your grief is gone.
Were you to schemes of bus'ness bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,
Your hours, your days, would fly too fast;
You'd then regret the minute past.
Time's fugitive and light as wind:
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind:
That load from off your spirits shake,
You'll own, and grieve for your mistake.
Awhile your thoughtless spleen suspend,
Then read, and (if you can) attend.

As PLUTUS, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
CUPID o'ertook his strutting pace.
Each star'd upon the stranger's face,
Till recollection set 'em right,
For each knew th' other but by sight,
After some complimentary talk,
TIME met 'em, bow'd, and join'd their walk.
Their chat on various subjects ran,
But most, what each had done for man.
PLUTUS assumes a haughty air,
Just like our purse-proud fellows here.
Let kings (says he), let cobblers tell,
Whose gifts among mankind excel,
Consider courts; what draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty, or gain?
That statesman hath the strongest hold,
Whose tool of politics is gold;
By that, in former reigns, 'tis said,
The knave in power hath senates led:
By that alone he sway'd debates,
Enrich'd himself, and beggar'd states.
Forego your boast. You must conclude
That's most esteem'd that's most pursued.
Think, too, in what a woeful plight
That wretch must live whose pocket's light.
Are not his hours by want deprest?
Penurious care corrodes his breast.
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends.

You





CUPID.

Not to know love is not to live.

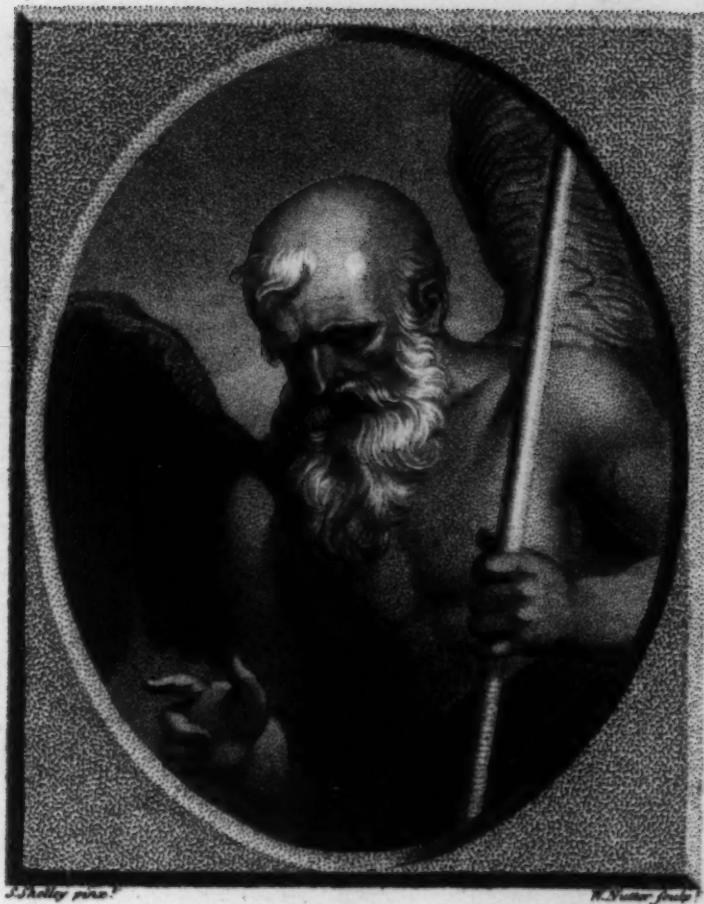
London, Published Sep: 1. 1788 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street Holborn.

You might, says Cupid, doubt my parts,
 My knowledge, too, in human hearts,
 Should I the pow'r of gold dispute,
 Which great examples might confute.
 I know when nothing else prevails,
 Persuasive money seldom fails;
 That beauty, too, (like other wares)
 Its price, as well as conscience, bears.
 Then marriage (as of late profess)
 Is but a money-job at best.
 Consent, compliance may be sold;
 But love's beyond the price of gold.
 Smugglers there are who, by retail,
 Expose what they call Love to sale;
 Such bargains are an arrant cheat:
 You purchase flatt'ry and deceit.
 Those who true love have ever try'd,
 (The common cares of life supply'd)
 No wants endure, no wishes make,
 But ev'ry real joy partake.
 All comfort on themselves depends;
 They want nor power, nor wealth, nor friends.
 Love, then, hath ev'ry bliss in store;
 'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more.
 Each other ev'ry wish they give:
 Not to know love is not to live.

Or Love or Money, (TIME reply'd)
 Were men the question to decide,
 Would bear the prize: on both intent,
 My boon's neglected or mispent.

'Tis I who measure vital space,
 And deal out years to human race.
 Tho' little priz'd, and seldom sought,
 Without me love and gold are nought,
 How does the miser time employ?
 Did I e'er see him life enjoy?
 By me forsook, the hoards he won
 Are scatter'd by his lavish son,
 By me all useful arts are gain'd;
 Wealth, learning, wisdom, is attain'd.
 Who then would think (since such my pow'r)
 That e'er I knew an idle hour?
 So subtle and so swift I fly,
 Love's not more fugitive than I.
 Who hath not heard coquettes complain
 Of days, months, years, mispent in vain?
 For time misus'd they pine and waste,
 And Love's sweet pleasures never taste.
 Those who direct their time aright,
 If love or wealth their hopes excite,
 In each pursuit fit hours employ'd,
 And both by time have been enjoy'd.
 How heedless then are mortals grown!
 How little is their int'rest known!
 In ev'ry view they ought to mind me,
 For when once lost they never find me.

He spoke. The gods no more contest,
 And his superior gift confest,
 That time (when truly understood)
 Is the most precious earthly good,



J. Shelley pinx.

H. V. sculp.

TIME.

'Tis I who measure vital space—

London, Published Oct. 1. 1868 by C. Taylor N^o 20 near Castle Street, Holborn







J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

— captive lay
Each ambitious thought resigning—

London, Publish'd July 1789 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

COMPLAINT OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH

WHEN PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK, 1554.

By W. SHENSTONE, Esq.

WILL you hear how once repining
Great ELIZA captive lay;
Each ambitious thought resigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway?

While the nymphs and swains delighted,
Tript around in all their pride;
Envyng joys by others slighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd:

" Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
" Who would bid those scenes adieu?
" Stranger to the arts of malice,
" Who would ever courts pursue?

" Malice never taught to treasure,
" Censure never taught to bear:
" Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;
" Love is all the damsel's care.

" How can those of humble station
" Vainly blame the powers above?
" Or accuse the dispensation
" Which allows them all to love?

" Love like air is widely given;
" Pow'r nor chance can these restrain;
" Truest, noblest gifts of Heaven!
" Only purest on the plain!

"Peers can no such charms discover,
"All in stars and garters drest,
"As on Sundays, does the lover
"With his nosegay on his breast.

"Pinks and roses in profusion,
"Said to fade, when Chloe's near;
"Fops may use the same allusion;—
"But the shepherd is sincere.

"Hark to yonder milk-maid singing
"Cheerly o'er the brimming pail;
"Cowslips all around her springing,
"Sweetly paint the golden vale.

"Never yet did courtly maiden
"Move so sprightly, look so fair;
"Never breast with jewels laden
"Pour a song so void of care.

"Would indulgent Heav'n had granted
"Me some rural damsel's part!
"All the empire I had wanted
"Then had been my shepherd's heart.

"Then with him o'er hills and mountains,
"Free from fetters, might I rove:
"Fearless taste the crystal fountains;
"Peaceful sleep beneath the grove!

"Rustics had been more forgiving;
"Partial to my virgin bloom:
"None had envy'd me when living;
"None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."





J. Shelley pinxt

C. Taylor sculp

The INVITATION.

Come live with me, and be my Love!

London, Publish'd May 12 1780 by C. Taylor At the new Castle Street, Holborn.

THE
I N V I T A T I O N,
OR THE
PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

[ATTRIBUTED TO SHAKESPEARE.]

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flow'rets and a girdle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we'll pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning.
Then if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

T H E
C O N S I D E R A T I O N,
O R T H E
N Y M P H ' s R E P L Y T O T H E S H E P H E R D.

IF that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.
But, time drives flocks from field to fold,
And rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come,
The flow'rets fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter-reckoning yield :
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy bed of roses,
Thy cap, thy girdle, and thy posies,
Some break, some wither, some forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten ;
Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.—
But, could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, and age no need ;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.



J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

The REPLY.

Were Truth in every Shepherd's tongue

London, Published May 1, 1789 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.







WILLIAM.

Pale William trembled every limb, —

London, Publish'd June 1. 1789 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

W I L L I A M

A N D

M A R G A R E T.

A P O E M.

BY DAVID MALLET.

I.

'T WAS at the silent solemn hour
When night and morning meet,
In glided MARG'RET's grimly ghost,
And stood at WILLIAM's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her fable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown ;
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When Death has reft their crown.

A

Her

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That tips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

V.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She dy'd before her time.

VI.

" Awake !" she cry'd, " thy true love calls,
" Come from her midnight grave ;
" Now let thy pity hear the maid,
" Thy love refus'd to save.

VII.

" This is the dumb and dreary hour
" When injur'd ghosts complain,
" When yawning graves give up their dead
" To haunt the faithless swain.

VIII.

" Bethink thee, WILLIAM ! of thy fault,
" Thy pledge and broken oath,
" And give me back my maiden vow,
" And give me back my troth.

" Why

X.

" Why did you promise love to me,
" And not that promise keep ?
" Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
" Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

X.

" How could you say my face was fair,
" And yet that face forsake ?
" How could you win my virgin heart,
" Yet leave that heart to break ?

XI.

" Why did you say my lip was sweet.
" And made the scarlet pale ?
" And why did I, young witless maid !
" Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

XII.

" That face, alas ! no more is fair,
" Those lips no longer red :
" Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
" And ev'ry charm is fled.

XIII.

" The hungry worm my sister is ;
" This winding sheet I wear ;
" And cold and weary lasts our night,
" Till that last morn appear.

" But

XIV.

" But, hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence
" A long and late adieu !
" Come see, false man, how low she lies
" Who dy'd for love of you.

XV.

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd
With beams of rosy red ;
Pale WILLIAM quak'd in ev'ry limb,
And raving left his bed.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where MARG'RET's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on MARG'RET's name,
And thrice he wept full fore,
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more.



MARGARET.

*Come, see false Man! how low she lies
Who Died for love of You*

London. Publish'd June 1, 1789 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.







EDWIN.

*Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The Spreading Hawthorn crept.*

London, Publish'd Dec. 7th 1788 by C. Taylor B^{ro} near Castle Street, Holborn.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous EMMA flourish'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest'd, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour smiles thro' heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains:
That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till EDWIN came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual

A mutual flame was quickly caught;
 Was quickly too reveal'd :
 For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
 That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
 Did Love on both bestow !
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,
 To work their harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a fordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all unfeeling as the clod
 From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd :
 Then with a father's frown at last
 Had sternly disapprov'd.

In EDWIN's gentle heart, a war
 Of differing passions strove :
 His heart, that durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept,
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
 Where EMMA walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waste,
 Beneath the moonlight-shade,
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
 The midnight-mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
 A deadly pale o'ercast:
 So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
 Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying bed;
 And weary'd Heaven with fruitless vows,
 And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past! he cry'd—but if your souls
 Sweet mercy yet can move,
 Let these dim eyes once more behold,
 What they must ever love!

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
 And bath'd with many a tear:
 Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
 So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
 A cruel sister she!
 Forbad what EMMA came to say;
 " My EDWIN live for me."

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
 The church-yard path along,
 The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
 Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
 Her startling fancy found
 In every bush his hovering shade,
 His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
 The visionary vale——
 When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
 Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
 Her aged mother's door——
 He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
 That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
 Beat high against my side——
 From her white arm down sunk her head;
 She shivering sigh'd and dy'd.



J. Doolley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

E M M A.

— she reach'd with trembling step,
Her aged Mother's door,
He's gone! she cry'd: —

London, Publish'd Dec'r. 1788, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Giltie Street, Holborn.







J. Shelley pinx.

J. Gohorne sculp.

The HERMIT.

Sudden he gaz'd and knew not what to do;

London, Publish'd June 1. 1787 by C. Taylor A^o near Giltie Street, Holborn.

THE
HERMIT.

BY

DR. PARNELL.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days;
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose:
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost:

IX.

So

So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
 Calm nature's image on it's wat'ry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow ;
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books or swains report it right ;
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell : the pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before :
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grafs,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
 Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cry'd ;
 And hail, my son, the rev'rend sire reply'd :
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road :

Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart ;
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray ;
Nature in silence bid the world repose ;
When near the road a stately palace rose ;
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive ; the liv'ry'd servants wait ;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play :
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;

No. IX.

G

Rich,

Till

Rich, luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go ;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe ;
His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd, stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
So seem'd the Sire ; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part ;
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds :
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain :
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground ;
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

THE HERMIT.

3

As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew:
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest);
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine
(Each hardly granted), serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That *cup*, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky :
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day ;
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travel of uncertain thought ;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :
 Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
 Again the wand'ers want a lodging nigh,
 Again they search and find a place to lie.
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great ;
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then blest the mansion, and the master greet ;
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;

From

From him you come, from him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd with calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck; the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way;
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;

Plunging

Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch——But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet :
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind :
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky :
Nay, cease to kneel—Thy fellow servant I.

Then

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid :
Its secret majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends :
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes ?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The *great vain man*, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious *wretch*, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor ;
With him I left the cup to teach his mind,
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;

In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our *pious friend* in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.

To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow);
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had that false *servant* sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus Heaven instructs thy mind; this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The Sage stood wond'ring as the Seraph flew;
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done;
Then gladly turning sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.



J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

The ANGEL.

Thus Heaven instructs thy mind; —

Depart in peace! —

London. Published June 1st 1787 by C. Taylor N^o 10. near Castle Street, Holborn.







J. Shelley Pinx.

C. Taylor sculp.

E L L A.

— the day she first danced on the green,

London, Publish'd Jan. 2. 1789 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

2
A L L E N A N D E L L A
A L L E N A N D E L L A,

F R O M

E V A N S ' S O L D B A L L A D S .

O N the banks of that crystalline stream
Where Thames oft his current delays,
And charms more than poets can dream,
In his Richmond's bright villa surveys;

Fair Ella, of all the gay throng
The fairest that Nature had seen,
Now drew ev'ry village along,
From the day she first danc'd on the green.

Ah! boast not of beauty's fond power,
For short is the triumph, ye fair!
Not fleeter the bloom of each flower
And hope is but gilded despair.

A

His

His affection each swain now, behold,
By riches endeavours to prove;
But Ella still cries, "What is gold,
Or wealth, when compared to his love?"

Yes, Allen! together we'll wield
Our sickles in summer's bright day;
Together we'll leave o'er the field,
And smile all our labours away:

In winter I'll winnow the wheat,
As it falls from thy flail on the ground;
That flail will be music as sweet,
When thy voice in the labour is drown'd."

How oft would he speak of his bliss!
How oft would he call her his maid!
And Allen would seal with a kiss
Ev'ry promise and vow that he said.

But, hark! o'er the grass-level land
The village-bells sound on the plain;
False Allen this morn gave his hand,
And Ella's fond tears are all vain.

Sad

Sad Ella too soon! heard the tale,
Too soon the sad cause she was told:
That his was a nymph of the vale;
That he broke his fond promise for gold.

As she walk'd by the margin so green,
Which befringes the sweet river's side,
How oft was she languishing seen!
How oft would she gaze on the tide!

By the clear river, then, as she fate,
Which reflected herself and the mead,
Awhile she bewept her sad fate,
And the green turf still pillow'd her head.

"There, there!—is it Ella I see?
'Tis Ella, the lost, undone maid!
Ah! no; 'tis some Ella, like me,
Some hapless young virgin betray'd!

Like me, she has sorrow'd and wept;
Like me, she has fondly believ'd:
Like me, her true promise she kept;
Like me, too, is justly deceiv'd.

I come,

ALLEN AND ELLA.

I come, dear companion in grief!
Gay scenes, and fond pleasures, adieu!
I come!— and we'll gather relief
From bosoms so chaste and so true.

Like you, I have mourn'd the long night,
And wept out the day in despair;
Like you, I have banish'd delight,
And bosom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows, so lovely, farewell!
Your velvet still Allen shall tread,
All deaf to the sound of that knell
Which tolls for his Ella when dead.

Your wish will, too sure, be obey'd;
For Allen her loss shall bemoan:
Soon, soon, shall poor Ella be laid
Where her heart shall be cold as your own.

Then, twin'd in the arms of that fair
Whose wealth has been Ella's sad fate,
As, together, ye draw the free air,
And a thousand dear pleasures relate;

If



J. Shelley pinx^t

W. Water, sculp^t

ELLA.

*I come, dear companion, in grief!
Gay scenes and fond pleasures adieu.*

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If chance, o'er my turf as ye tread,
Ye dare to affect a fond sigh,
The primrose will shrink her pale head,
And the violet languish and die.

Ah! weep not, fond maid! 'tis in vain;
Like the tears that you lend to the stream:
Tears are lost in that watery plain,
And your sighs are all lost upon him."

Scarce Echo had gather'd the sound,
But she plung'd from her grass-springing bed:
The liquid stream parts to the ground,
And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village, at eve,
Oft meet at the dark spreading yew;
There wonder how man could deceive
A bosom so chaste and so true.

With garlands of every flow'r
(Which Ella herself should have made)
They raise up a short-living bow'r;
And, sighing, cry, "Peace to her shade!"

Then, hand lock'd in hand, as they move
The green-plotting hillock around,
They talk of poor Ella, and love,
And moisten with tears the fresh ground;

Nay, wish they had never been born,
Or liv'd the sad moment to view,
When Allen could thus be forsworn,
And his Ella could still be so true.

V E R S E S

ON THE RECOVERY OF THE

LADY VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds AUGUSTA'S
And either India pours into her arms; [charms,
Where Liberty bids honest arts abound,
And pleasures dance in one eternal round;
High-throned appears the laughter-loving dame,
Goddeſs of mirth, EUPHROSYNE her name.
Her ſmile more cheerful than a vernal morn;
All life, all bloom! of Youth and Fancy born!
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her ſubmit;
She looks her fire, and ſpeaks her mother's wit!

O'er the gay world the sweet inspirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and Elegance her pomp sustains.
Thee, goddess! thee, the fair and young obey;
Wealth, Wit, Love, Music, all confess thy sway.
In the bleak wild, ev'n Want by thee is blest'd,
And pamper'd Pride, without thee, pines for rest;
The rich grow richer, while in thee they find
The matchless treasure of a smiling mind;
Science by thee flows soft in social ease,
And Virtue, losing rigour, learns to please.

The goddess summons each illustrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amusive game.
She, whose fair throne is fix'd in human souls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.
Where is, the goddess cried, my favourite, she,
Of all my race, the dearest far to me,
Whose life's the life of each refin'd delight?
She said—But no TYRCONNEL glads her sight.
Swift sunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
Swift rose her swelling sigh, and trembling tear,
In kind low murmurs all the loss deplore;
TYRCONNEL droops, and pleasure is no more.



XLVI.



HEALTH.

— on a Mountain's brow reclined —

London, Published 1884, by C. Taylor, No 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.



XLVI.



MIRTH.

She flies, her elder sister, Health to find.

London, Publish'd Feb:^y 1st 1789, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

The goddess, silent, paus'd in museful air;
But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long despair.
Celestial-hinted thoughts gay hope inspired,
Smiling she rose, and all with hope were fired.
Where Bath's ascending turrets meet her eyes,
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze she flies,
She flies her eldest sister Health to find,
And meets her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.
Around her, birds in earliest concert sing;
Her cheek the semblance of the kindling spring;
Fresh-tinctur'd, like a summer evening sky,
And a mild sun beams smiling in her eye.
Loose to the wind her verdant vestments flow;
Her limbs yet recent from the springs below;
There oft she bathes, then peaceful sits secure,
Where every gale is fragrant, fresh, and pure;
Where flow'rs and herbs their cordial odours blend,
And all their balmy virtue fresh ascend.
Hail! sister, hail! (the kindred goddess cries)
No common suppliant stands before your eyes.
You (with whose living breath the morn is fraught),
Flush the fair cheek, and point the cheerful thought;
Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline,
Each finer sense, that forms delight, is thine;

Bright suns by thee diffuse a brighter blaze,
And the fresh green a fresher green displays;
Without thee pleasures die, or dully cloy,
And life with thee, howe'er depress'd, is joy.
Such thy vast pow'r!—The Deity replies,
Mirth never asks a boon, which Health denies.
Our mingled gifts transcend imperial wealth;
Health strengthens Mirth, and Mirth inspirits Health.
These gales, yon springs, herbs, flowers, and sun, are
Thine is their smile! be all their influence thine. [mine;
EUPHROSYNE rejoins—Thy friendship prove!
See sickening the dear object of my love:
Shall that warm heart, so cheerful e'en in pain,
So form'd to please, unpleas'd itself remain?
Sister, in her my smile anew display,
And all the social world shall bless thy sway.
Swift as she speaks, Health spreads the purple wing,
Soars in the colour'd clouds, and sheds the spring:
Now bland and sweet she floats along in air;
Air feels, and soft'ning owns th' ethereal fair:
In still descent she melts on opening flow'rs,
And deep impregnates plants with genial show'rs,
The genial show'rs, new-rising to the ray,
Exhale in roseate clouds, and glad the day.

LADY VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL. 5

Now in a Zephyr's borrow'd voice she sings,
Sweeps the fresh dew, and shakes them from her wings,
Shakes them embalm'd, or in a gentle kiss
Breathes the sure earnest of awaking bliss.

SAPHIRA feels it with a soft surprise
Glide through her veins, and quicken in her eyes.

Instant in her own form the goddess glows,
Where, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows.
Then, plunging, to the flood new virtue gives,
Steeps every charm, and as she bathes it lives !
As from her locks she sheds the vital show'r,
'Tis done ! she cries : these springs possess my pow'r ;
Let these immediate to thy darling roll
Health, vigour, life, and gay-returning soul.
Thou smil'st, EUPHROSYNE ; and conscious see,
Prompt to thy smile, how nature joys with thee.
All is green life ! all beauty rosy bright ;
Full Harmony, young Love, and dear Delight !
See vernal Hours lead circling joys along !
All sun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all song !

Receive thy care! Now Mirth and Health combine,
Each heart shall gladden, and each virtue shine.
Quick to AUGUSTA bear the prize away;
There let her smile, and bid the world be gay.





JACHIMO.

I will write all down.

London, Published Oct 1, 1789. by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Quidale Street, Holborn.

I A C H I M O

IN IMOGEN'S CHAMBER, ISSUING FROM THE TRUNK.

I A C H I M O.

THE crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest;—

—————my design's

To note the Chamber:—I will write all down:—

Such and such pictures;—there the window;—such

The adornment of her bed: The arras? figures?

Why, such and such:—And the contents of the story——

Ah! but some natural notes about her body

(Above ten thousand meaner moveables

Would testify) to enrich mine inventory.

O Sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!

Come off, come off——[*Taking off a bracelet*]

'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,

As strongly as the conscience does within,

To the madding of her Lord.——No more.

Why should I write this down that's riveted,

Screw'd to my memory?—I have enough:

To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.

CYMBELINE, *Act II. Scene II.*

I M O G E N

AWAKING BEFORE THE CAVE.

I M O G E N.

YES, Sir, to Milford Haven; which is the way?
I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray how far thither
'Ods Pittikins!—Can it be fix miles yet!
I have gone all night:—Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.—
But soft, no bed-fellow:—O, gods and goddesses!
I hope I dream; but 'tis not so: Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd Gods, a part of it!
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumous!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand!
This is PISANIO's deed, and CLOTEN's: O!——
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those
Who chance to find us. O my Lord! my Lord!

CYMBELINE, Act IV. Scene II.



J. Shalby pinxt

C. Taylor sculp

IMOGEN.

The garments of Posthumus!

London, Published Oct. 1. 1789 by C. Taylor N^o. 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.







IDLE JOAN.

She did just Nothing all the day

London. Published Jan^y 1, 1790, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

E P I T A P H

ON

SAUNTERING JACK AND IDLE JOAN.

BY MR. P R I O R.

I N T E R R ' D beneath this marble stone,
Lie saunt'ring Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling years threescore and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well;
If changing empires rose or fell;
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd, and eat, good folks! what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again.

They soundly slept the night away:
They did just nothing all the day:
And having bury'd children four,
Wou'd not take pains to try for more.
No sister either had, nor brother;
They seem'd just tally'd for each other.

A

Their

Their moral and oeconomy
Most perfectly they made agree :
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame or censure they regarded :
They neither punish'd, nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footman did :
Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid :
So ev'ry servant took his course ;
And bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable ;
And fluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong, their wine was port ;
Their meal was large, their grace was short.
They gave the poor their remnant-meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish-rate,
And took, but read not the receipt ;
For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
No man's defects sought they to know ;
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend ;
So never rais'd themselves a friend ;
Nor cherish'd they relation poor,
That might decrease their present store :
Nor barn nor house did they repair,
That might oblige their future heir.

They



They



J. Shelley pinx.

C. Taylor, sculp.

SANTERING JACK.

He' led — a kind of — as it were —

London, Publish'd Jan. 1. 1790, by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

They neither added, nor confounded;
They neither wanted, nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accompts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.

Nor tear nor smile did they employ,
At news of public grief, or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid;
Their jugg was to the ringers carry'd,
Who ever either dy'd, or marry'd.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Who ever was depos'd, or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;
They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd advise;
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were—
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd;
And so they liv'd; and so they dy'd.

L' A L L E G R O.

BY JOHN MILTON.

HENCE, loathed MELANCHOLY,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian Cave forlorn,
'Mong horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sighs unholy;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd EUPHROSYNE,
And by men, heart-easing MIRTH;
Whom lovely VENUS at a birth
With two Sister Graces more,
To Ivy-crowned BACCHUS bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the Spring,

ZEPHYR, with AURORA playing,
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on HEBE's cheek,
And love to live in dimple fleck;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides:
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The Mountain Nymph, sweet LIBERTY;
And if I give thee honour due,
MIRTH, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night;
From his watch-tow'r in the skies
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
6 Through





C. Taylor excudit

MORNING

*Let me wander, not unseen,
By hedge-row Elms, on hillocks green,*

Milton's Allegro.

London, Published April 1. 1787 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the Cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before,
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Sometime walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the Ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his scythe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale;
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;

L'ALLEGRO

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
 Towers and battlements it sees,
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where CORYDON and THYRSIS met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set,
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed PHILLIS dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With THESTYLIS to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On the sun-shine holy-day,
 Till the live-long day-light fail—
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How Fairy MAB the junkets eat;



C. Taylor excudit.

EVENING.

*Young and old come out to play,
Till the live-long day light fail:—*

Milton's Allegro

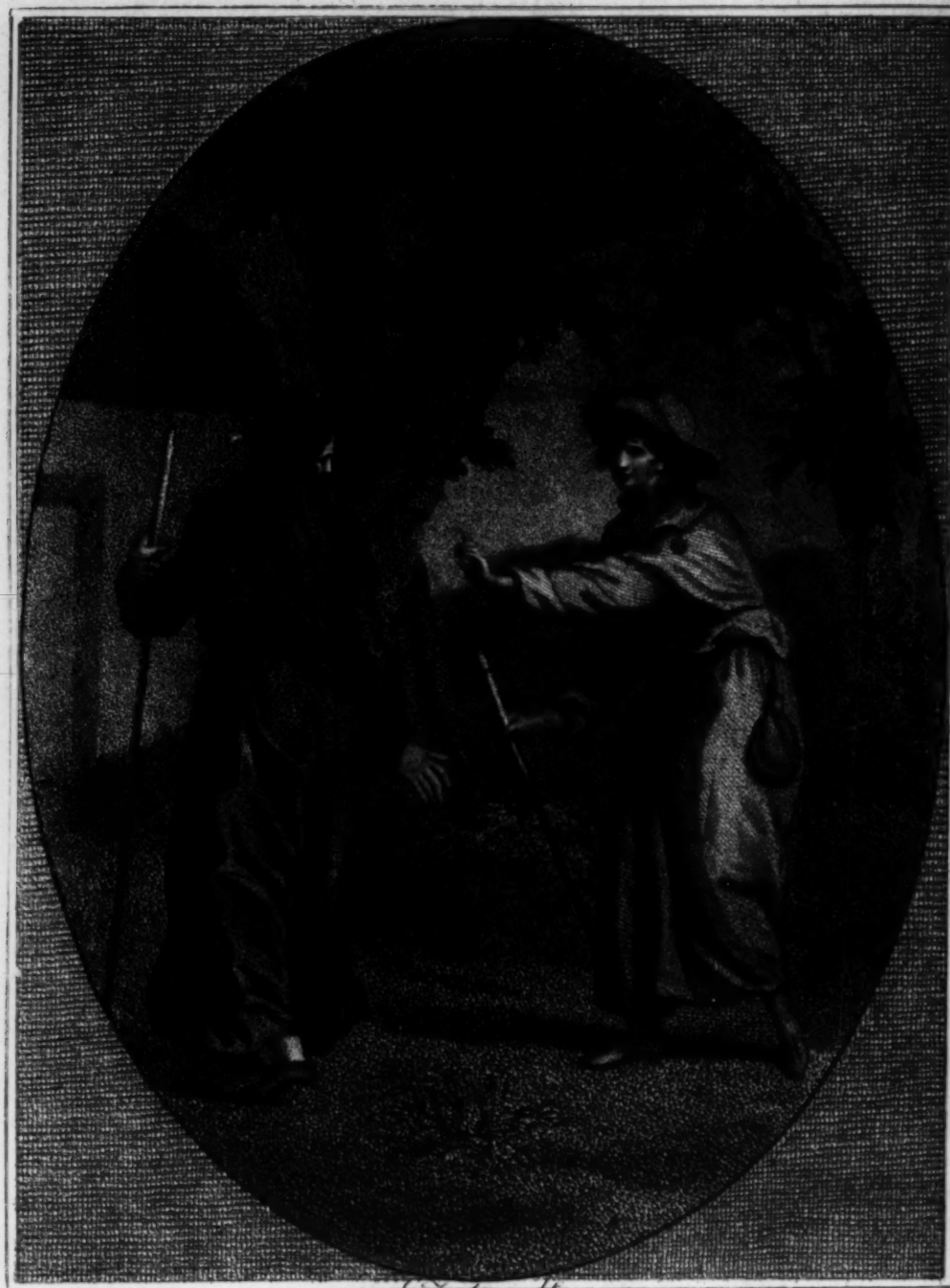
London, Published April 1, 1787 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.



She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
 And he by Fairies lanthorn-led;
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber Fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend.
 There let HYMEN oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry,
 Such fights as youthful Poets dream
 On Summer eves by haunted stream.

Then

Then to the well-trod Stage anon,
If JONSON's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest SHAKESPEARE, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild :
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse
Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness, long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running ;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony ;
That ORPHEUS' self may heave his head,
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of PLUTO, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd EURYDICE.
These delights if thou canst give,
MIRTH, with thee I mean to live,



C. Taylor sculpit



EDWIN and ANGELINA.

Turn gentle Hermit of the dale—

London. Publish'd Feb'y 1. 1787 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street. Holborn.

THE HERMIT.

H E R M I T.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
"And guide my lonely way
"To where yon taper cheers the vale
"With hospitable ray.
"For here, forlorn and lost I tread,
"With fainting steps and slow;
"Where wilds immeasurably spread
"Seem length'ning as I go."
"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
"For yonder faithless phantom flies
"To lure thee to thy doom.
"Here to the houseless child of want
"My door is open still;
"And tho' my portion is but scant,
"I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely share

" Whate'er my cell bestows ;

" My rushy couch, and frugal fare,

" My blessing and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free

" To slaughter I condemn ;

" Taught by that Pow'r that pities me,

" I learn to pity them.

" But from the mountain's grassy side

" A guiltless feast I bring :

" A scrip with herbs and fruit supply'd,

" And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,

" All earth-born cares are wrong :

" Man wants but little here below,

" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,

His gentle accents fell ;

The modest stranger lowly bends,

And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure

The lonely mansion lay ;

A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,

And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch

Requir'd a master's care ;

The wicket op'ning with a latch

Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd,
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd
With answ'ring care oppress'd;
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurn'd,
"Reluctant dost thou rove?
"Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?"

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
"Are trifling, and decay;
"And those who prize the paltry things
"More trifling far than they.

THE HERMIT.

" And what is friendship but a name,
 " A charm that lulls to sleep,
 " A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 " And leaves the wretch to weep ?

" And love is still an emptier sound,
 " The modern fair one's jest :
 " On earth unseen, or only found
 " To warm the turtle's nest.

" For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 " And spurn the sex," he said :
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view ;
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

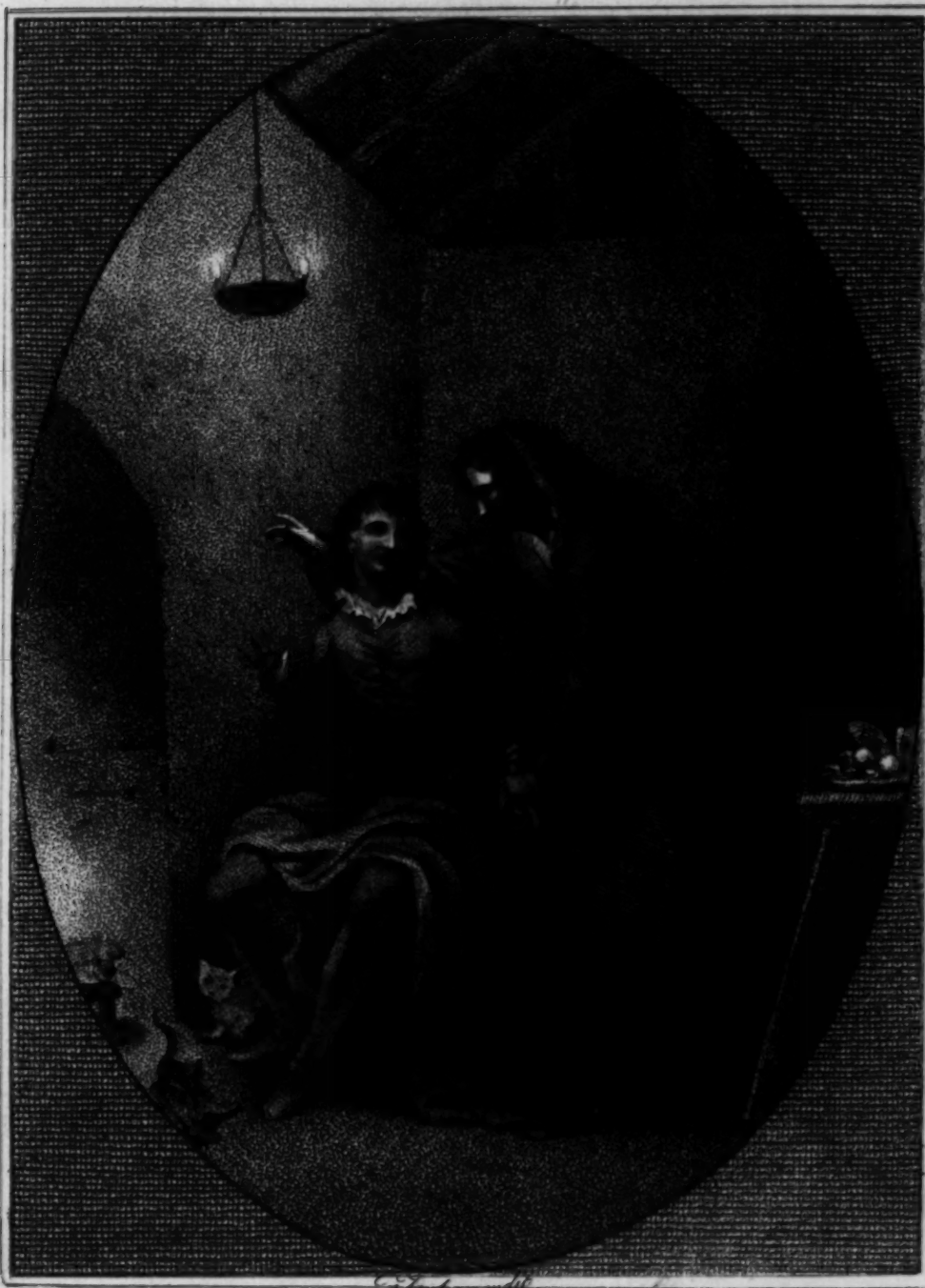
The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms ;
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.

" And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
 " A wretch forlorn," she cry'd,
 " Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
 " Where Heav'n and you reside.

" But let a maid thy pity share,
 " Whom love has taught to stray :
 " Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 " Companion of her way.

- " My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
" A wealthy lord was he;
" And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
" He had but only me.
" To win me from his tender arms
" Unnumber'd suitors came;
" Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
" And felt or feign'd a flame.
" Each hour a mercenary crowd
" With richest proffers strove;
" Among the rest young EDWIN bow'd,
" But never talk'd of love.
" In humble simplest habit clad,
" No wealth or power had he;
" Wisdom and worth were all he had!
" But these were all to me.
" The blossom op'ning to the day,
" The dews of heav'n refin'd,
" Could nought of purity display
" To emulate his mind.
" The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
" With charms inconstant shine;
" Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
" Their constancy was mine.
" For still I try'd each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain;
" And while his passion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain.

- "Till quite dejected with my scorn,
"He left me to my pride,
"And sought a solitude forlorn,
"In secret, where he dy'd.
"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
"And well my life shall pay;
"I'll seek the solitude he sought,
"And stretch me where he lay.
"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
"I'll lay me down and die;
"Twas so for me that EDWIN did,
"And so for him will I."
"Forbid it, Heav'n!" the Hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast;
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide—
'Twas EDWIN's self that prest,
"Turn, ANGELINA, ever dear,
"My charmer, turn to see
"Thy own, thy long-lost EDWIN here,
"Restor'd to love and thee.
"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
"And ev'ry care resign;
"And shall we never, never part,
"My life—my all that's mine?
"No, never from this hour to part,
"We'll live and love so true;
"The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
"Shall break thy EDWIN's too."



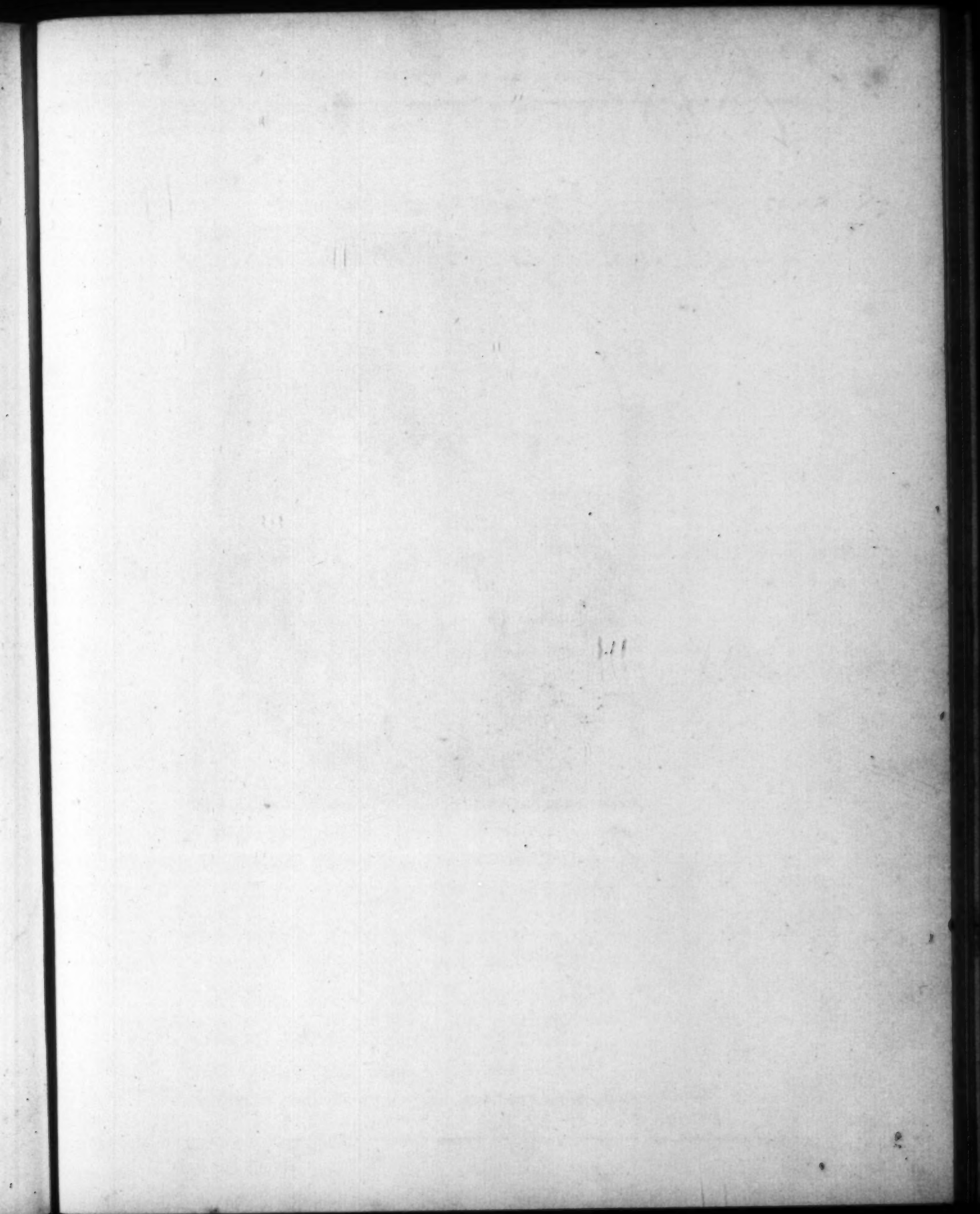
J. Taylor sculp.

EDWIN and ANGELINA.

'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

London. Published Feb^y 1787 by C. Taylor N^o 20 near Castle Street Holborn.







C. Taylor auct. tit.

The Sleeping Fair:



London, Publish'd Dec. 1786 by C. Taylor N^o 10 near Castle Street, Holborn.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

By Mr. MOORE.

TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life:
Unhappy Sex! who only claim
A being in the breath of Fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore
That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The trav'ller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure;
But woman no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never close!

Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before,
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnacle sinks to rest.

VII.

B

Are

Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a single error?—None.
Tho' Woman is avow'd of old
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim:
Nay more; for sacred stories tell
That ev'n immortal angels fell.
Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth and ambient air,
With varying elements endued,
Was form'd to fall and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb again to flow,
The moon repletes her waning face
All beauteous from her late disgrace,
And suns that mourn approaching night
Refulgent rise with new-born light.

In vain may death and time subdue,
While Nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue hid in ev'ry heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen
To clothe a naked world in green;
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;

Again

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

3

Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish and to rise.

And must weak woman then disown
The change to which a world is prone;
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline,
Resolv'd and firm alone? Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.

But should the spark of Vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
HESPERIA'S chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil posselt,
The dragon Honour charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return,
No more with virgin splendour burn,
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom?—No:
Pity may mourn, but not restore;
And Woman falls to rise no more.

Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies, no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground:
A stream call'd LIFE across it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here of Vice the province lies,
And there the hills of Virtue rise.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose
As well for prospect as repose;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair
Was center'd more than half their care;
For Heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth:
White was the robe this infant wore,
And CHASTITY the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)
Oft thro' her native land she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And Nature yearly took delight
Like her to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious step their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express:

"O joyful

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

5

" O joyful cause of many a care!
" O daughter too divinely fair!
" Yon world on this important day
" Demands thee to a dangerous way:
" A painful journey all must go,
" Whose doubtful period none can know;
" Whose due direction who can find,
" Where reason's mute and sense is blind?
" Ah, what unequal leaders these
" Thro' such a wide perplexing maze!
" Then mark the warnings of the wise,
" And learn what love and years advise.
" Far to the right thy prospect bend,
" Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
" Lo! there the arduous path's in view
" Which Virtue and her sons pursue;
" With toil o'er lessening earth they rise,
" And gain and gain upon the skies:
" Narrow's the way her children tread,
" No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,
" But rough, and difficult, and steep,
" Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
" Fruits immature those lands dispense,
" A food indelicate to sense,
" Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
" Pure health with cheerful vigour flows,
" And strength unfeeling of decay
" Throughout the long laborious way.
" Hence as they scale that heavenly road,
" Each limb is lighten'd of its load,

" From

" From earth refining still they go,
 " And leave the mortal weight below ;
 " Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
 " And smooth the rugged path appears :
 " For custom turns fatigue to ease ;
 " And, taught by Virtue, pain can please.
 " At length the toilsome journey o'er,
 " And near the bright celestial shore,
 " A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,
 " Appears, of either world the bound,
 " Thro' darkness leading up to light ;
 " Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight ;
 " For there the transitory train
 " Of Time, and Form, and Care, and Pain,
 " And Matter's gross encumb'ring mass,
 " Man's late associates, cannot pass ;
 " But sinking quit th' immortal charge,
 " And leave the wond'ring soul at large ;
 " Lightly she wings her obvious way,
 " And mingles with eternal day.
 " Thither, O thither, wing thy speed,
 " Tho' pleasure charm, or pain impede !
 " To such th' all-bounteous Pow'r has giv'n
 " For present earth a future heav'n,
 " For trivial loss unmeasur'd gain,
 " And endless bliss for transient pain.
 " Then fear, ah fear, to turn thy sight
 " Where yonder flow'ry fields invite !
 " Wide on the left the pathway bends,
 " And with pernicious ease descends ;

" There

" There sweet to sense and fair to show
" New-planted Edens seem to blow,
" Trees that delicious poison bear,
" For death is vegetable there.
" Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
" Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,
" The soul to passion yields her throne,
" And fees with organs not her own;
" While like the slumb'rer in the night,
" Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
" Before her alienated eyes
" The scenes of Fairy-land arise,
" The puppet world's amusing show
" Dipp'd in the gaily-colour'd bow,
" Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
" The toys of infants and of kings,
" That tempt along the baneful plain
" The idly wise and lightly vain,
" Till verging on the gulfy shore
" Sudden they sink and rise no more.
" But list to what thy Fates declare:
" Tho' thou art Woman frail as fair,
" If once thy sliding foot should stray,
" Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
" For thee, lost Maid! for thee alone
" Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
" Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
" On thy returning steps shall wait,
" Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
" And ev'ry foot thy presence fly."

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young advent'rer past.
Forth from her sacred eyelids sent,
Like Morn, forerunning radiance went,
While Honour, handmaid late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awestruck the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin vision bow'd,
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught fresh virtues at the sight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem'd the heav'n-compounded dame,
If matter sure the most refin'd,
High wrought and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the Day,
And bodied by her native ray.

Where'er she passes thousands bend,
And thousands where she moves attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless,
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations as to heav'n are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithesome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth no more suppress
New-melts the frost in every breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes,

The

The sun with healthier visage glows,
 Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
 And dances up th' ethereal plain,
 Where late he us'd to climb with pain;
 While Nature, as from bonds set free,
 Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

And now for momentary rest

The Nymph her travell'd step represt,
 Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
 And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Outstretch'd before her wide survey
 The realms of sweet perdition lay,
 And pity touch'd her soul with wo
 To see a world so lost below;
 When straight the breeze began to breathe,
 Airs gently wafted from beneath,
 That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
 And reach'd her sympathy of sense;
 No sounds of discord, that disclose
 A people sunk and lost in woes,
 But as of present good possess'd,
 The very triumph of the bless'd:
 The Maid in rapt attention hung,
 While thus approaching Syrens sung:

- “ Hither, Fairest ! hither haste,
 “ Brightest Beauty ! come and taste
 “ What the pow'rs of blifs unfold,
 “ Joys too mighty to be told ;
 “ Taste what ecstasies they give,
 “ Dying raptures taste, and live.

" In thy lap, disdain's measure,
 " Nature empties all her treasure,
 " Soft desires that sweetly languish,
 " Fierce delights that rise to anguish.
 " Fairest ! dost thou yet delay ?
 " Brightest Beauty ! come away.
 " Lift not when the froward chide,
 " Sons of Pedantry and Pride,
 " Snarlers to whose feeble sense
 " April's sunshine is offence ;
 " Age and Envy will advise
 " Ev'n against the joy they prize.
 " Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl
 " Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
 " Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
 " With enjoyment past the painting.
 " Fairest ! dost thou yet delay ?
 " Brightest Beauty ! come away."

So sung the Sirens, as of yore
 Upon the false Ausonian shore ;
 And O for that preventing chain
 That bound ULYSSES on the main ;
 That so our fair-one might withstand
 The covert ruin now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew
 When now the tempters stood in view ;
 Curiosity with prying eyes
 And hands of busy bold emprise ;
 Like HERMES feather'd were her feet,
 And like forerunning fancy fleet ;

By

By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty she still aspir'd,
Tasteless of ev'ry good possess'd,
And but in expectation blest.

With her associate Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame!
Her mien all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
Loose flow'd her garment from the ground,
And caught the kissing winds around:
As erst MEDUSA's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt;
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;
No safety ev'n the flying find
Who vent'rous look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring Maid
While distant more than half betray'd.
With smiles and adulation bland
They join'd her side and seiz'd her hand:
Their touch envenom'd sweets distill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd,
While half consenting half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down and down the winning pair
Compell'd the struggling, yielding fair.

As when some stately vessel, bound
 To bless Arabia's distant ground,
 Borne from her courses haply lights
 Where BARCA's flow'ry clime invites,
 Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
 Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous sand,
 The Pilot warns with sail and oar,
 To shun the much-suspected shore,
 In vain; the tide too subtly strong
 Still bears the wrestling bark along,
 Till found'ring she resigns to Fate,
 And sinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight.

So baffling every bar to sin,
 And Heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,
 Along the devious smooth descent,
 With pow'rs increasing as they went,
 The dames accusom'd to subdue
 As with a rapid current drew,
 And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
 The lost, the long-reluctant maid.

Here stop, ye Fair Ones! and beware,
 Nor send your fond affections there;
 Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
 May turn, to you and Heav'n restor'd;
 Till then with weeping Honour wait,
 The servant of her better fate,
 With Honour, left upon the shore,
 Her friend and handmaid now no more;
 Nor with the guilty world upbraid
 The fortunes of a wretch betray'd,

But

But o'er her failing cast the veil,
Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail.

And now from all-inquiring light
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
The damsel from a short repose
Confounded at her plight arose.

As when with slumb'rous weight oppress'd
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away,
He borne where golden Indus streams
Of pearl and quarry'd diamond dreams,
Like Midas turns the glebe to ore,
And stands all rapt amidst his store,
But wakens naked and despoil'd
Of that for which his years had toil'd :

So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,
And turns like Niobe to stone;
Within, without, obscure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd;
And, " O thou curst insidious coast!
" Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
" These Virtue! these the joys they find
" Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
" Shade me, ye Pines! ye Caverns! hide,
" Ye mountains! cover me," she cry'd.

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky;
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A sidelong viper to her heart;

Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
 And soil'd and blasted ev'ry grace;
 Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
 Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
 While those in crimes the deepest dy'd
 Approach'd to whiten at her side,
 And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
 Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? attempt once more
 To gain the late deserted shore?
 So trusting, back the mourner flew,
 As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
 Again the land of Virtue gain'd,
 But Echo gathers in the wind,
 And shows her instant foes behind:
 Amaz'd with headlong speed she tends,
 Where late she left a host of friends;
 Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
 Nor longer own that form divine;
 With fear they mark the following cry,
 And from the lonely trembler fly,
 Or backward drive her on the coast
 Where Peace was wreck'd and Honour lost.

From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
 To Heav'n not daring to complain,
 No truce by hostile Clamour giv'n,
 And from the face of Friendship driv'n,
 The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground
 With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd

Enthron'd within a circling sky
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant fat as in a shrine
Virtue, first effluence divine,
Far, far above the scenes of wo
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light!
Whom should Mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n and solar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And Nature quick'ning in her eye
To rise a new-born phoenix die.

Hence unreveal'd to mortal view
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.
Thro' this her all-inquiring eye
Attentive from her station high
Beheld abandon'd to despair
The ruins of her fav'rite Fair,
And with a voice whose awful sound
Appall'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still;
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the furling of the main,
And smoothen'd the thorny bed of pain,

The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddeſs ſung :

- “ Lovely Penitent ! ariſe,
“ Come and claim thy kindred ſkies ;
“ Come, thy ſiſter angels ſay
“ Thou haſt wept thy ſtains away.
“ Let experience now decide
“ ’Twixt the good and evil try’d :
“ In the ſmooth enchanted ground
“ Say, unfold the treaſures found.
“ Structures rais’d by morning dreams,
“ Sands that trip the flitting ſtreams,
“ Down that anchors on the air,
“ Clouds that paint their changes there ;
“ Seas that ſmoothly dimpling lie
“ While the ſtorm impends on high,
“ Showing in an obvious glaſs
“ Joys that in poſſeſſion paſs :
“ Tranſient, fickle, light, and gay,
“ Flatt’ring only to betray,
“ What, alas ! can life contain ?
“ Life like all its circles vain !
“ Will the ſtork intending reſt
“ On the billow build her neſt ?
“ Will the bee demand his ſtore
“ From the bleak and bladeleſs ſhore ?
“ Man alone intent to ſtray
“ Ever turns from wiſdom’s way,

“ Lays

- " Lays up wealth in foreign land,
" Sows the sea and ploughs the sand.
" Soon this elemental mass,
" Soon th' incumb'ring world, shall pass,
" Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
" Time be spent, and life expire.
" Then ye boasted Works of men!
" Where is your asylum then?
" Sons of Pleasure, sons of Care,
" Tell me, Mortals! tell me where?
" Gone like traces on the deep,
" Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,
" Dews exhal'd from morning glades,
" Melting snows and gliding shades.
" Pass the world, and what's behind?
" Virtue's gold by fire refin'd,
" From an universe deprav'd,
" From the wreck of Nature sav'd;
" Like the life-supporting grain,
" Fruit of patience and of pain,
" On the swain's autumnal day
" Winnow'd from the chaff away.
" Little Trembler! fear no more,
" Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
" Seed by genial sorrows sown,
" More than all thy scorers own.
" What tho' hostile earth despise?
" Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;

" Heav'n

" Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,

" Cheer thy hours and guard thy side.

" When the fatal trump shall sound,

" When th' immortals pour around,

" Heav'n shall thy return attest,

" Hail'd by myriads of the blest.

" Little native of the skies,

" Lovely Penitent! arise;

" Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,

" Virtue is thy sister now.

" More delightful are my woes

" Than the rapture pleasure knows,

" Richer far the weeds I bring

" Than the robes that grace a king.

" On my wars of shortest date

" Crowns of endless triumphs wait,

" On my cares a period blest,

" On my toils eternal rest.

" Come, with Virtue at thy side;

" Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,

" Till we gain our native shore:

" Sister, come, and turn no more."

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O D E

S P R I N G.

By Mr. G R A Y.

LO! where thy rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair VENUS' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;

No. XVI.

O

Beside

Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man!
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply;
Poor Moralist; and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

ODE ON STIRLING

Me thinks I hear in accents low

The sportive kind reply;

Boon Morrell; and what art thou?

A solitary fly!

The joys no glittering female meets

No hive full thou of bearded sweets

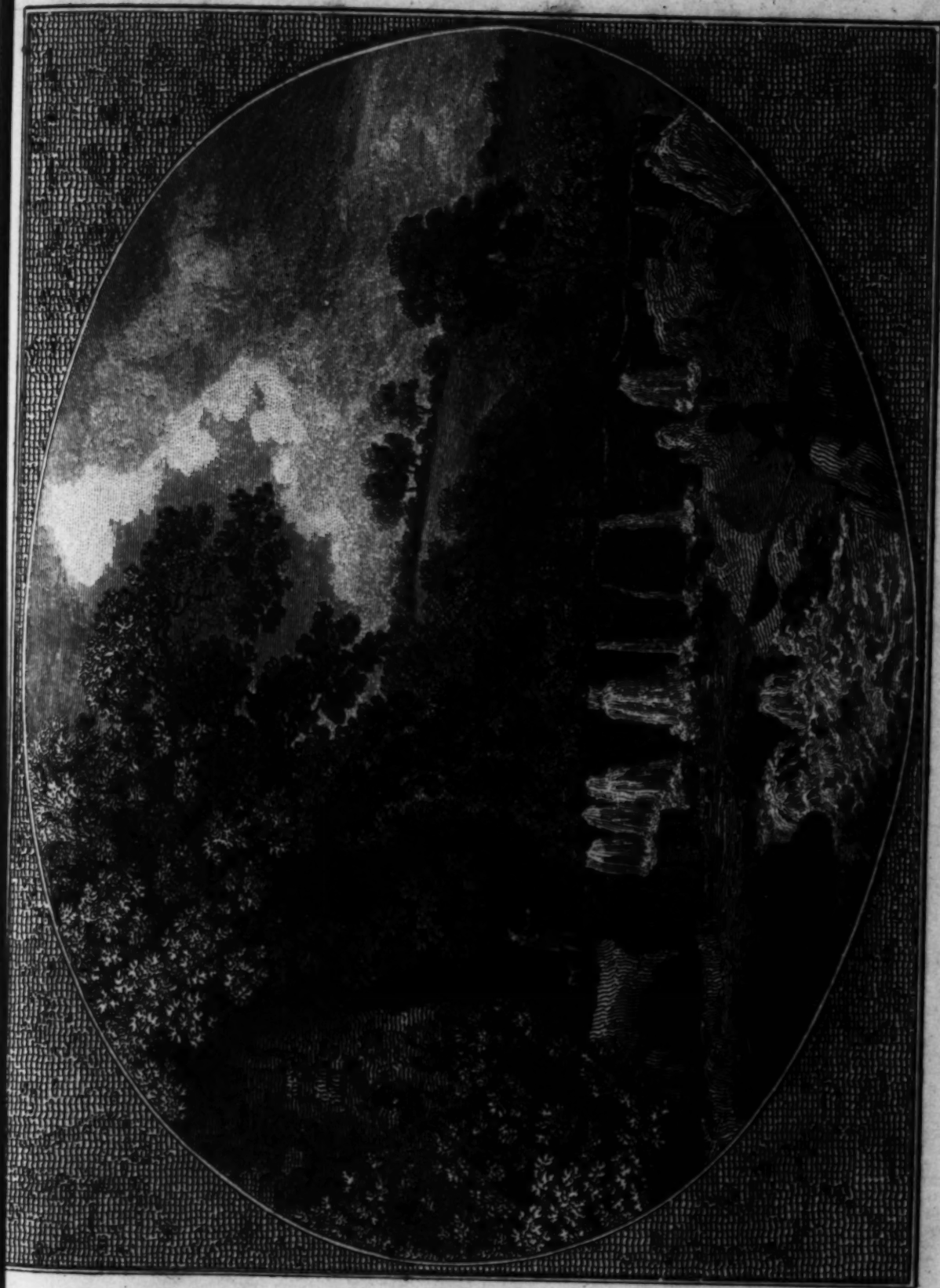
No painted plumage to display;

On hairy wings thy youth is flown;

Thy form is lost, thy being is gone—

We follow while the May





VIEW of a WATERFALL on the RIVER EURE in YORKSHIRE.





VIEW of a SECOND WATERFALL on the RIVER EURE in YORKSHIRE.

